The Nation

Vol. CIV NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917 No. 2688

The Week

ANY day may bring the news that Washington has ordered the return of Pershing's troops. This has been a possible move for a long time, but a move beset with difficulties so long as Carranza kept clamoring for his outraged sovereign rights. It became practicable when Carranza, last week, out of a clear sky, agreed to waive the question of Pershing's troops, and expressed the desire to pass on to the consideration of the fundamental questions of public order in Mexico and friendship with the United States. Pershing's troops are serving no purpose in Chihuahua. They have been there these many months because there was no way of getting them back without stirring up a state of feeling in the United States which might have had ill consequences for Mexico. The troops can come back now without a hint of compulsion from Carranza. Their place in Mexico should be taken by Ambassador Fletcher, who for no discernible reason has been kept away from his post. It must be recognized that Carranza's action in the matter of the protocol marks a turning point in the man's attitude, and consequently in the entire problem. Questions of honor and punctilio are put away. Henceforth there will be talk of essentials. The curtain of mutual distrust and suspicion should be pulled aside. If the presence of our Ambassador in Mexico City will serve to accentuate Mexican confidence in our benevolent intentions, Mr. Fletcher should lose no time in starting South.

THE old year ended with the good news from Washington that Congressman Dent, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, had openly come out against universal military service, and that, if his Committee had its way, there would be no military legislation of any kind at this short session, save what is necessary to carry out the purposes of the National Defence act. While many will be disappointed if there should be no repeal of the provisions Federalizing the militia, in the main this decision is precisely what it should be. If, as Mr. Lansing suggested, we are ourselves getting nearer to being dragged into the war, it would be the utmost folly to attempt to initiate a system now which would take years to work out and call for far greater administrative ability than has ever been displayed in the War Department or any of its bureaus. If we are not about to get into the war, it is of the utmost importance that the country should not be stampeded into conscription without the most careful consideration of all that it means, socially, morally, economically. So radical a revolution in our national life ought surely not to be undertaken without at least giving as much time and thought to it as was given to the recent organization of our banking system.

IT is undeniable that President Wilson's move for peace has gained strength in the last few days. Neutral nations continue to rally to his support. If the adherence of Norway and Sweden, the latest countries to declare themselves, is in response, as has been alleged, to the influence of German diplomacy, this would not lessen its significance. It would be one more proof that Germany sincerely desires peace. In England the first feeling of resentment at the President's step is abating. Second thoughts are beginning to assert themselves. Even the *Spectator* argues that Mr. Wilson's proposals were conceived in a statesmanlike spirit, were not at all unfriendly to the Allies, and must in any event be treated with respect by the British Government. But the editor of the *Spectator*, not content with this, proceeded to give his own idea of the terms of peace which must be imposed on Germany. Of them it is sufficient to say that they could not be more drastic if Cossacks were to-day riding through the streets of Berlin, if half the ships of the German navy had been sunk, if the Krupp works had been swept off the earth, and if Gen. Sarrail had reached Vienna and were sending congratulations to Gen. Haig in Berlin. Such extravagances are most ill-timed, but will do no great harm except where the *Spectator's* writings about the war are not understood. For some time its editor has been acting as if the gigantic struggle, bearing misery and death to millions, were only a pretty theme for him, sitting in a non-combatant easy-chair, to exercise his wits and his rhetoric upon.

BISMARCK used to say that the way to read a public document was to begin at the end. Applying that method to the reply of the German Government to President Wilson's note, we find it closing in a discouraging way. For it distinctly takes the position that "the great work of preventing future wars" must be adjourned until after peace is made. But the great hope has been that this work might enter into the very negotiation of the peace. To rule it out in advance would be to heighten the difficulty of any settlement. The Allies have again and again spoken of the "guarantees" for the future which they will demand. With such guarantees proposed by Germany, terms of peace otherwise unacceptable might be favorably considered by the Allies. Suppose, for example, that Germany should say that she could go no further than the offer to evacuate and restore Belgium and northern France. By itself, that would be rejected; but if it were coupled with a plan for general disarmament and for world-courts and leagues to insure peace, it might be thought sufficient. Thus it appears that the German reply to the President debars the German Government from playing its strongest card at the peace conference.

FOR the rest, the German reply, while polite in form and cordial in tone, is a plain refusal to fall in with the President's suggestion. He called upon the belligerents to state the basis upon which they would agree to end the war. The German Government declares that all this must be reserved for the peace conference. It is against diplomacy in the open, after the fashion proposed by Mr. Wilson. Thus it is an undeniable rebuff which he has received. He may pursue his efforts, in unison with other neutrals, but for the present it looks as if the whole affair were thrown back to where it stood when he sent his note. It remains a ques-

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tion between the Allies and the Central Powers. The Allies will soon respond to the German proposal, doubtless to the effect that they cannot go into a peace conference until they have at least an outline of Germany's terms. Then will come the real test of German eagerness for peace. Thus far, all of Germany's moves to end the war have been at least consistent with the theory that her Government had powerful motives for seeking peace on the best terms obtainable. The promptness and even slight irregularity, for the sake of haste, with which the German reply to President Wilson was made certainly look the same way.

UNCONSIDERED trifles in the dispatches from Europe are often as significant as the matter set forth more at large. One such was a statement made a day or two ago by the semi-official *Kölnische Zeitung*. It declared that Russia's demand for Constantinople was preposterous, but quietly went on to say that, of course, a treaty could be made assuring free use of the Dardanelles to Russian ships, both of war and of commerce. This indicates that Germany's front towards Russia may not be so unyielding, after all. Another suggestive item appears in the call for an Imperial British Conference. The aim is given as the joint study of questions "affecting the prosecution of the war," but there is immediately added the phrase, "possible conditions on which, in agreement with our allies, we *could assent to its termination.*" This shows that the door to an early peace is not considered by the English Government to be absolutely closed. The Imperial Conference will meet in about six weeks, and by that time there may be definite proposals for ending the war.

REORGANIZATION of the French high command has at last assumed clear shape. Joffre's name does not appear among those to whom the future direction of the war has been confided. The annulment of the recent decree which appointed him technical adviser to the Ministry of War, coupled with his elevation to the rank of Marshal, relegates the hero of the Marne to dignified retirement. He carries with him more than enough honor for any man—the credit of saving France and the cause of the Allies, and so of having performed, not even excepting Hindenburg or Mackensen, the greatest single task of the war. The division of command between the French armies at home and Sarrail's army in Salonica is now made definite. Joffre was commander-in-chief of both, and to that fact may be attributed in some measure the irresolution which has marked Allied policy in the Balkans. However a commander-in-chief might try to view the war as a whole, it would be natural enough for him to emphasize the importance of the sphere of operations under his immediate charge, especially if it employed 95 per cent. of the nation's forces. This, together with English half-heartedness about Salonica, would explain the neglect of Sarrail. With Sarrail under the direct authority of the War Council, the outlook for a sustained policy in the Balkans is improved. If the Allies desire to abandon the Balkan undertaking the move will not come as the result of a difference of opinion between the commanders in west and east. If the Salonica undertaking goes on, Sarrail will not have to look for backing to the army commander in the west.

A STRONG hint as to the future course of military operations on the Russo-Rumanian front is supplied by the debate in the Bulgarian Parliament reported from Sofia. It is plain that there has been criticism of the extent to which the Bulgar armies are being used to further schemes of conquest which do not fall within the legitimate field of national aspirations. The Bulgarian Premier was under the necessity of explaining the act of the Bulgar armies in crossing the Danube as only a move designed to complete the defeat of the Rumanian armies. Evidently, the charge had been made that the nation's forces were being employed for purposes of adventure. It would seem to be plain, therefore, that if there is opposition to the Bulgar armies being sent across the Danube to fight the battles of Germany, there certainly will be objection to their being sent across the Sereth and Pruth for the much discussed march upon Odessa. That objective might indeed become a fact if all the forces that have been fighting against Rumania—Teutons, Bulgars, and Turks—were thrown against Russia's extreme left flank. With Turks and Bulgars out of it, the invasion of southern Russia becomes a much more serious undertaking, and probably one much more remote.

IF the Socialist party in November had shown the same percentage of increase over 1912 as the total vote for all parties, there would have been cast for Mr. Benson more than 1,100,000 ballots. If the Socialist increase from 1912 to 1916 had been the same as from 1908 to 1912, the vote for Benson would have come close to two millions. Instead there has been a falling off, since 1912, of 150,000 Socialist votes on the partially estimated returns, and an exact count will probably show still heavier losses. The immediate after-effect of party disaster is, of course, a searching of hearts and motives—usually the other fellow's heart and motives. The ultra-radical element in the Socialist party has lost no time in ascribing responsibility for the poor showing at the polls to the party "machine." The official Socialist organization under its present leaders is accused of having long ago sacrificed the spirit of militant and revolutionary Socialism to counsels of expediency. They have tried to sell their heritage for timid, non-revolutionary votes, and they have lost their heritage without receiving the price. In response to such charges come stories of disciplinary punishment for critics of the party leaders. These we need not take too seriously. Expulsion from the Socialist party is probably welcomed by the kind of martyrs who enjoy being nailed to the cross of publicity.

TO Woodrow Wilson went beyond question nearly half a million votes which would have been cast for Mr. Benson under normal conditions. They went to Mr. Wilson far less on the eight-hour issue or other labor issues than on the question of our foreign relations, as regards both Europe and Mexico, and probably Mexico counted more than Europe. There is no overlooking the extraordinary rally to Mr. Wilson, during the last two months of the campaign, of a great mass of idealist sentiment which saw in the contest between Hughes and Wilson a contest between an outworn and discredited social and international outlook and a spirit that strove, vaguely, perhaps, for newer and better things. This appeal to idealist sentiment would naturally be felt strongly in the Socialist ranks. It is true that Socialist propaganda has always emphasized the peril of running after temporary promises to the permanent hurt of the Socialist cause. But the circumstances

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were not normal. A great many Socialists who any other year would have refused to vote for Mr. Wilson out of consideration for the party record, proceeded on the assumption that the Socialist party and the Socialist cause had in any case been so severely shaken by the war that an additional loss of prestige did not matter much in face of the immediate gain promised by Wilson's reëlection. Under ordinary circumstances, a serious decline in the Socialist vote would have been taken as evidence of permanent decline. But the war, which has uprooted so many things and shaken everything, was taken as a sufficient excuse by many Socialists for being temporarily shaken out of their party allegiance.

THE cities in which the twelve Federal Farm Loan banks have been placed indicate the judgment of the Farm Loan Board, following its nation-wide series of hearings, as to the sections in which the rural credits system will be of most assistance to the farmer. Only one bank is placed in the populous region northeast of a line drawn through Baltimore, Louisville, St. Louis, and St. Paul—that at Springfield, Mass. The Southern States receive three banks, not including that at Baltimore, the Middle West and West five, and the Pacific Coast two. Interest rates on loans to farmers have been especially high in the newer States of the Northwest and Southwest, and in the former region at least the farmers recognize so fully the benefits of coöperation that the support of farm loan associations should be general. In recent weeks news has come of a great demand for loans on the part of the "croppers" who form a large fraction of the farming population of the South, stimulated by something like a campaign on the part of some Southern newspapers. So far as volume of demands for loans goes to promise the success of the system, the outlook is encouraging. Washington dispatches state that $180,000,000 could, upon the face of the requests, now be used. But to place the plan in complete operation will require months.

"INSPECTED to death" is retiring Gov. Willis's diagnosis of political Ohio. His own acts as Governor have not invariably been such as one would have expected from an Executive who was impressed with the seamy side of political administration; he has shown a tendency to think that the time to reduce the number of offices was after they were all filled by Republicans. This, however, only increases the value of his testimony, which falls in line with that given in other places. Wisconsin has raised loud cries of recent years over the perfection supposed to be hers, a perfection, it appears, which cost the taxpayers more than they were willing to go on paying, even though retrenchment meant doing without this heaven-sent commission or that. Gov. McCall put the matter picturesquely when he was in Congress by remarking that, as every European bore a soldier on his back, so every American was apparently doomed to bear an inspector on his. In municipal affairs we have shown an inclination to swing to the other extreme, with commission government and finally the city manager to assume all administrative responsibility. The time would seem to have come for the States to take a comprehensive view of their needs and to provide for them by a well-articulated system instead of by adding patch to patch as they have been doing for a good while.

HAMILTON W. Mabie's chosen literary work was that of an interpreter and intermediary. To this rôle he was faithful both in his long service as editor of the *Outlook* and in his books and lectures. His public speaking, which absorbed much of his activity in later years, and which received its highest seal of approval in his being selected to deliver a series of addresses on America in Japan, was shot through with the same spirit as his writings. He was increasingly sought for academic occasions, and to many young men and women in his college audiences he was as a gracious figure beckoning them to the resources of literature and the things of the spirit. His kindness of heart was limitless, and the amount of time and labor he gave to literary aspirants will never be known. In public charitable and philanthropic work he was also lavish of his strength. One reason why his death will seem a personal loss to such large numbers is that he touched the life about him at so many points, and always left the impression of a personality superior to his pen and singularly unselfish and sweet.

MEMBERS of the American Association for the Advancement of Science who desire a certain publicity for their papers are already demonstrating the advantage they have over members of such bodies as the Modern Language Association and American Folk Lore Society in their ability to relate their topics to war and preparedness. One scientist, from the rostrum of an expert knowledge of jewels, declared that "the entire population of the United States should be card-catalogued" according to abilities or adaptation, graded according to proficiency, and examined "two, three, or four times a year" that the grading might be corrected. Another, from an agricultural college, is reported as declaring the European war traceable in no small part to lack of birth-control abroad. A speaker on agricultural economies predicted that many Americans would die of starvation within sixteen months if we were at war with a certain group of Powers. The opening address by Dr. Van Hise, the address by the retiring president, Dr. W. W. Campbell, and Dr. Norton's paper on the dyestuffs industry seem to have been of quite another stripe. But men who can gain the public ear by some semi-sensational connection between science and war must sincerely pity those who have to lecture on the Christian coloring of Beowulf.

THE discussion over college athletics has at last crystallized in the resolution of the National Collegiate Athletic Association that one of the great educational foundations shall be requested "to make a survey of athletics in colleges, with particular reference to their moral influence." The move comes, as it should, from those connected with athletics. In presenting the resolution, Coach Stagg declared that there were "great evils to remedy in college sports . . . dishonesty," and he went on to place the blame: "We know that the faculties are not to blame for conditions, but it is the outside influences, such as the overzealous alumni and others." Dean Briggs made it plain that, if unfortunate conditions were not now the fault of faculties, they would be so if no action followed their disclosure, by pointing out that, although a faculty may not have the power to vote the discontinuance of intercollegiate football, it "may cut off the supplies" by voting that no student may play if the committee on athletics continues or refuses to do a particular thing.

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The Allied Reply and After

IF in commenting upon the reply of the Allies to Germany we were to follow the ordinary custom of diplomatic writing, we should set down numbered propositions as follows:

(1.) The attitude of the Allies was of the nature which it was certain they would take. Until terms of peace were put forward, they would refuse all discussion. It was certain also that they would read the German Government a severe moral lesson. This was richly deserved. There are some things which Germany cannot be allowed to forget—whether now, while the war goes on, or in peace negotiations, or in the long future. Her evasive dealings with all the plans for preventing the war, put forward by England and France and Russia in July, 1914; her brazen trampling upon her own plighted word in the invasion of Belgium—a crime confessed in the act by her own Chancellor; and the horrible things which have been and still are done to the Belgians by German authority—all this was bound to be thrown in the face of Germany by the Allies. The Kaiser fairly invited it by his posing now as the champion of international good faith and of humanity. Impartial opinion will say that he merely got from the Allies the rebuke which he merited.

(2.) The Allied reply does not close the door to peace. What it spurns is "a mere suggestion without a statement of terms." It speaks of "a sham proposal" and of "pretended propositions of peace." This implies that an honest approach with genuine offers of specific terms would be taken into consideration. Any other course would carry its own condemnation. Many voices in England are saying that for the Allies to press on with the war, when they might obtain their chief aims by peaceful negotiation, would be an unthinkable crime.

(3.) Hence the resulting situation is one, first of all, to put Germany's sincerity to the test. If the German Government, in proposing to "enter forthwith upon peace negotiations," was merely playing a part, merely making a diplomatic move with a half-concealed grimace and with no hope or desire of anything coming of it, there is nothing more to be said. It would be only another case of hypocrisy exposed. But this is incredible. That the German people and their rulers are intensely anxious for peace is not open to reasonable doubt. They may not yet be prepared to offer acceptable terms, but terms of some sort they would be delighted to see brought under discussion. Well, the next move is Germany's. If she smarts for the time being under the rebuff of the Allies, that does not release her from the duty of making another attempt, of seeking another way to get her proposals before the Allies and before the world.

(4.) A plain road is open to her, if she is sincere. She can avail herself of the services of neutrals. What she may not be willing to say to the Allies direct, she can confide to Holland or Switzerland or to the President of the United States. The atmosphere of negotiation has been created. Machinery for it lies ready to the hand of the German Government. We shall soon know whether it has the will to make use of it.

(5.) Even if no move is initiated by Germany, the outlook for peace is not hopeless. The opportunity for President Wilson is both evident and inviting. Doubtless he will not stir at all until he has had a response from the Allies to the friendly inquiry he has addressed to them. That is sure to be courteous; it may present him a distinct opening for mediation. But if it does not, there is no reason why he should not press on, having once put his hand to the plough. It would be the most natural thing in the world for him presently to ask the German Government what the conditions of peace are which it has explicitly spoken of having ready to offer. The substance of them could be given to Mr. Wilson confidentially. Then there would be the opportunity to sound the Allies diplomatically. The process might be slow. No doubt it would take a good deal of time, and many communications back and forth, before so much as a basis for discussion between the belligerents could be arrived at, but what is diplomacy for if it shrinks from undertaking such a labor?

(6.) All told, therefore, the status is not essentially changed from what it was before the Allies drafted their reply. They have done only the expected. Even in Berlin nothing else could have been looked for. And the fundamental facts remain what they were. Chief of these is the deep longing for peace observable among the people in all the belligerent countries. This, to be sure, goes with a determination to keep on fighting until the legitimate objects of the war are attained. Germans define these as the defence of the Fatherland. The English and French define them as the guarantees of liberty and the rights of small nationalities and the restoration of the public law of Europe. Between the two there unquestionably appears at present to be a great gulf fixed. But it is for statesmanship to build a bridge over it. Unless it has gone sterile, it will at least attempt to build it. The task may be long. Failure may often seem foredoomed. Yet it surely cannot be beyond the wit of man, first, to take advantage of the new inclining of men's hearts to peace, and then to work out a formula, a basis of agreement, which shall come near repairing the wrongs of the past and do as much as is humanly possible to make peace secure for generations to come.

The Great War a Great Blunder

IT was the German Crown Prince who more than a year ago frankly spoke of the war as "idiotic." Exactly what the supposedly most militaristic of the Prussian militarists meant by this was not clear at the time. It may not be to-day; but the evidence is thickening that sane German opinion is rapidly coming round to the view of most neutrals and many impartial students that the war, considered merely from the standpoint of German interests, was a huge mistake. Leave out the humane argument altogether; consider only the truest German "policy"—as Bismarck used to phrase it—by which we mean the hopes and aims of German industrial and commercial expansion, and it becomes plain that the two years of armed struggle have left Germany farther from the objects of her desire than she was early in 1914. The utmost advantages which she can hope to gain from an early peace are not nearly so great as were hers for the taking without any war at all.

That the German Government now admits this we do not, of course, affirm. But it does admit—or its actions do, speaking louder than words—that to go on with the war, provided peace can now be made, would be a blunder.

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This stands confessed in the German anxiety for a speedy peace. It is not necessary to argue that the German Government is conscious of military weakness or dreads a collapse at home. Taking its strong push for peace merely at its face value, the inference is unavoidable that it believes more can be gained by ending the war than possibly could be gained by prolonging it. And while it has not made public the conditions of peace which it would propose, such strong hints and calculated "leaks" have come from Teutonic circles in Washington and elsewhere that we have a pretty good line on what Germany would stipulate. Saying nothing now of the great concessions which she would make, let us look at what she would ask the Allies to concede. Roughly, it comes down to a return of the German colonies and, in general, a free opportunity for German political influence and for trade in the East.

Now, what we would point out is that all this was in a fair way of being secured to Germany by treaty without firing a gun. It has long been known that the British Foreign Office, in conjunction with the Governments of France and Russia, was earnestly seeking after the Balkan war to come to an agreement with Germany in regard to these very matters of German colonies and the legitimate outlets for German trade in the Turkish Empire. Viscount Grey had cherished the honorable ambition of assuring peace by a series of treaties covering these points. This was one reason why he strove so hard to avert the war; he saw that it would bring all his plans to the ground. It has always been understood that the treaties had been actually drawn—though, of course, neither signed nor ratified. Their terms have never been made public, but more than a shrewd guess at them can be made. Indeed, several recent treatises by German writers, as well as by French and English, have given outlines of these planned agreements in a way that almost carries official authority. We refer to such writings as those of Sir Harry Johnston, so competent to deal with Africa; Paul Rohrbach, of Munich; W. Morton Fullerton, and M. André Chéradame. Putting together the intimations from these and other sources, *The New Europe* epitomizes the treaties which were offered to Germany.

She was to be recognized as "sole concessionnaire" of the Bagdad railway. France and England were to bind themselves to build no competing lines. In Africa, German possessions were to be greatly extended. A good part of the French Congo was to be given to Germany, with a sort of right of preëmption over the Belgian Congo. Thus hundreds of thousands of square miles in Africa more than the German Government then controlled, or now asks to have returned to her, were put within her reach by the methods of peaceful diplomacy. Of course, France and Belgium were to have their compensations. Sir Harry Johnston intimates that Metz and the French-speaking portions of Lorraine were to be given to France, and that Luxemburg was to be in a customs-union with Belgium. In the whole arrangement, furthermore, England and Russia were to win certain territorial and political concessions. It cannot be asserted that all the details can yet be stated with precision; but it is beyond reasonable doubt that a comprehensive diplomatic settlement was about ready for Germany's acceptance when she broke off everything and seized the sword. And the significant thing is that by such a peaceful settlement Germany stood to gain more than she can hope for now after more than two years of devastating war. This, too, leaves out of the reckoning her fearful losses in blood and treasure from which it will take her at least a generation to recover.

Thus it appears that there is, after all, something to be said for the view of war as a "great illusion." Certainly, to-day, millions of Germans, bred to glorification of war, must be sorrowfully saying: "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" Purely from the standpoint of German self-interest, the greatest of wars has been the greatest of blunders.

Critics of the League to Enforce Peace

THE League to Enforce Peace is not finding its path unobstructed. Primarily, it has encountered the opposition of those radical lovers of peace who believe that the reliance upon force of any kind is a mistake. But attacks have come from other sources. Thus Dr. Felix Adler feels that the emphasis is being put in the wrong place; that what we should be talking about is a parliament of parliaments. He feels that the weakness of the League's position is that there cannot be a small body to police the world until there is disarmament, and disarmament he fears is further off now than before. As to this there are certainly two opinions. But he is assuredly correct in believing that if less stress were put by the League upon the use of force, it would be, *pace* Mr. Roosevelt, in a far stronger position.

Dr. Samuel T. Dutton, so long a student of and worker in the peace cause, joins ex-Secretary Garrison in his dislike of our entering any league of nations which would make the disputes of small and large nations those of the United States. He is certain that the people of this country "will never permit the Government at Washington to enmesh this country in the shifting, uncertain, explosive affairs of the Old World," or to be placed in the position of having to go to war, by order of a coalition, against some country with which it has no quarrel. The power to declare war now vested in Congress under our Constitution cannot be transferred to a council of foreign Governments. These are powerful arguments, to which Mr. Taft has replied. Dr. Dutton favors the "World Court," on behalf of which a strong organization is now working. A nucleus for it already exists at The Hague, and Dr. Dutton is of those who believe that the decrees of a world court would not need force to insure their execution, any more than it has been found necessary to use force to assure the acceptance of decisions of international courts like those in Egypt, or of those of international arbitrators, or to compel the several American States to accept the decrees of the Supreme Court at Washington.

Along similar lines is the recent weighty protest of Prof. Ellery C. Stowell, printed in the *Nation*, who fears that "The League, like the Holy Alliance, would burst asunder after a few years or would become a political machine for coercing the minority." If Germany is taken in, it would "be subject to the same disrupting conditions which are an inevitable feature of the international situation." If Germany is not included—and there are growing signs

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that many within the League to Enforce Peace look with reluctance upon such a possibility—then Dr. Adler is right in his contention that this would simply mean the division of the world into two great leagues menacing one another by their armaments. It is only fair to say that in the original plan there was no thought of excluding anybody; all were to be welcome. If there is any change of position now, it is due to the growing bitternesses of the war. But the inclusion or exclusion of Germany would not weigh with Professor Stowell, who thinks that were the League ever constituted, "humanity would be lucky if the temple of civilization did not fall about its head." To him it is lamentable that philanthropists should, by advocating an impossibility, draw public attention from "needs more pressing for the advancement of civilization." He, too, is for a Court of Nations, believing that no force would be necessary to uphold it.

We cannot share Professor Stowell's view that much has been lost by the discussions of the League to Enforce Peace. It has aroused everywhere great interest. It has set men's minds to work who had never before thought of such a thing as a union against war. If it is an impractical proposal, the sooner the fact is brought out the better, for then there will be an immediate turning to the proposals for a World's Court or a World's Parliament, with a quickened determination to find something. It is idle to say that there is not sufficient genius in the world to put an end to war. Sooner or later the way will be found—it should be in the coming year—and when it is, we are sure that the impetus given by the discussions now raging about the League to Enforce Peace will be found to have played a great part in awakening public opinion. Perhaps nothing else could have brought out such remarkable utterances as those of Viscount Grey on this subject, or the interest displayed in Germany and the tentative support given by the German Chancellor. If it is a discouraging fact that Englishmen have been writing to the British press expressing their amazement that Viscount Grey and others have not cordially responded to the Chancellor's utterances, when the idea of a union against war is avowedly one of the British objectives, the discussion, none the less, does go on. More than that, it is bound to increase as the peace conference approaches. Despite the last German note, we cannot conceive of a conference of the kind which would not take up the far-reaching questions of providing against such a catastrophe as has now set the whole world adrift.

The Eight-Hour Day

IN their decision of the question at issue between the Switchmen's Union of North America and the railways, the Federal Board of Arbitration went beyond settling the immediate controversy. This settlement itself was a middle-of-the-road affair; it granted the demand of the switchmen that eight hours shall be regarded as the standard day of work, but it fixed the pay for the eight-hour day at only nine-tenths of the present pay for a ten-hour day, and denied the demand for a punitive rate for overtime. But what is of far wider interest is the statement made by the two neutral arbitrators, Judge Howry and Professor Jenks, of the reasons that prompted the decision and of their views on the eight-hour question.

The only pleas that appear to have weighed with the arbitrators in granting the increase of pay were "the increased cost of living, the hazards of the employment, and the hardships of the work." They do not pretend that they have established an eight-hour day; and this not only because in the absence of a punitive rate there is no obstacle to the prolongation of the working day beyond the eight hours, but also because "the overwhelming weight of testimony shows that the conditions of the various kinds of railway work are so different that only trial can determine just how far eight-hour shifts can be worked without prohibitory cost to the roads and undue disturbance of the work of their patrons." These arbitrators evidently favor the eight-hour idea, but they do not shut their eyes to the question of its practicability or impracticability; nor do they pretend that there is equal need of it in all classes of work. The argument that "long hours result in physical exhaustion, often to a degree seriously injurious to health," these arbitrators regard as by no means applicable to switchmen in general, since their working time usually includes long intervals for rest.

It is interesting to place alongside this statement of Judge Howry and Professor Jenks the interesting discussion of the eight-hour working-day by Dr. Frederic S. Lee, printed in a recent number of *Science*. Dr. Lee holds that "the real basis of the whole matter is physiological," and accordingly his paper is occupied primarily with the question of the physiological effect of fatigue. This he regards as the prime determining factor, not only as to the human or moral, but also as to the economic, aspect of the eight-hour question, and holds that its treatment should rest upon "a rigidly scientific study, through the medium of laboratory tests, of the physiological effects of differet occupations and the physiological capacities of different laborers and a resultant classification, on a physiological basis, of work and workers." But Dr. Lee doubtless knows as well as we plain people that the time when this method is likely to be instituted is in the dim and distant future; and it is not this scientific recommendation, but the general trend of his remarks, that is calculated to be of practical influence. And that trend is highly favorable to the eight-hour idea, although he insists on the necessity of discrimination, and says that "the establishment of a rigid and universal eight-hour system would probably prove not to be the best for all industries and for all individuals."

Dr. Lee adduces some striking instances in which the reduction of the working day to eight hours resulted in economic gain. Thus he mentions that "the very careful study by Professor Abbe of the effects of reducing the working day in the Zeiss Optical Works in Jena from nine to eight hours shows an average increase of about 3 per cent. in the daily output of the employees." A proprietor of glass works in the north of France is quoted as saying: "I must acknowledge that the men produce just as much, if not more, in their seven and a half hours' actual work as during the ten-hour day that preceded it." These instances, and others equally striking, suffice to make a convincing case against the presumption that the reduction of the working day to eight hours must mean economic loss; but Dr. Lee makes too broad an assertion when he says that the effects of shortening the working day "are so uniform that it may be stated as a general law that upon reduction of the daily hours of labor the average quantity of the

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output of the individual worker undergoes a preliminary decrease, then a return to the original amount, and finally a permanent increase." If this were so, what need would there be of discrimination among different kinds of work in the application of the eight-hour plan?

In point of fact there is a considerable body of evidence to the opposite effect. Thus an inquiry conducted by the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor, the result of which is given in its annual report for 1905, appears to show that in the great majority of industrial establishments reduction of hours caused a marked diminution of output. As in the question of fatigue, so in the question of output, much depends on the character and conditions of the work. In a most elaborate scientific study of the question, published by the *Société d'encouragement pour l'industrie nationale* in 1907, particular stress is laid on the distinction between "industries in which production is closely bound up with and regulated by the functioning of machinery and those industries in which, on the contrary, production depends on the productivity and the physical energy of the individual workman." Evidently, it is just as impossible to lay down one universal rule on the economic as on the physiological benefit of the eight-hour day. But there is one remark that is suggested by the sweeping pretension of economic gain. If the output is sure to be increased, would not the quickest, as well as the surest, way to get the eight-hour day be through a thorough and energetic campaign of education? Prove to the employer that a given procedure will produce more work for the same pay, and you will need no law to compel him to adopt it.

The Child in the Lobby

THE baby in the apartment house is like Big Business. One may approach the subject in a sentimental mood or one may apply the rule of reason. Persons of sentiment will welcome the latest judicial decision guaranteeing to the city baby free access to its place in the sun by way of the marble and onyx front entrance. They will couple it with that other recent decision which recognized the baby's right to develop its lung-power in an apartment with two baths and a foyer. At first sight it would seem that a charter of liberties were being built up around the elevator child. But immediately the doubt occurs whether it is not another instance of the law struggling against the remorseless forces of time and change. The judges may rule in favor of the baby as they rule against Big Business under the Sherman law. But it is an uphill fight. All the indications are that there is no more opportunity in urban life for the small citizen than for the small business man. They are both an anomaly. The best that we apparently can hope for is that the transition from the baby-coach era to the steam-heated and electric-lighted era shall be effected with the least amount of conflict. The law may be on the side of the baby, but she can hardly expect to hold out against the silent pressure of social forces. A little baby will go a long way in a modern dwelling. Her equipages, both her own and the one in which she takes out the doll for an airing, clutter up the hallways and disturb the harmony of the Renaissance façade. A lusty infant in a forty-family apartment house can accumulate a vast fund of unpopularity. To this she will ultimately succumb.

The difficulty with the baby in the apartment is the same as with the small business man. She has failed to adapt herself to her environment. The apartment house has evolved, but so far society has failed to evolve the apartment-house type of infant. A baby that opened up at night and folded up in the day time so as to be conveniently carried down the elevator in a wicker basket with air holes; a baby that could be turned off and on like a Caruso record; a baby that was around when a baby was wanted, and at other times could be converted into a chiffonier or a music cabinet; a baby that might play to her heart's content in the snow, but leave no track across the mosaic pavement in the lobby when she came up for lunch—such a type might very well come out on top in the landlord's law of natural selection. As it is, we have simply another example of the kind of inefficiency which keeps the National Security League sitting up nights. In spite of the united efforts of landlord, superintendent, hall-boy, and neighbors, it is still true of the city baby that if you tickle her she laughs, and if you give her colic she howls all night. These primitive characteristics maintain themselves through childhood. The burnt child, for instance, dreads the radiator. It shows a predilection for the kitchen when pleasant operations are there under way. In the absence of a pantry, it will raid a refrigerator. The reason is that humanity is 300,000 years old, and it is hard to lose a habit.

Thus if the child in the apartment house is an anomaly in modern evolution, it nevertheless does exercise the influence of a vested interest. Like the vermiform appendix it may be deprecated, but it cannot be explained away. Like so many outworn institutions, it has the support of sentiment and the law. Given a baby in an apartment, her right to go out for air and exercise and to come back for food and a bath by means of a door suited to her human dignity remains unchallenged. To the landlord's outcry about his besmeared lobby pavements the baby replies:

> If another and subordinate entrance were provided for us, with appropriate means of entrance and egress, even though less elaborate and dignified, it might well be that defendant could properly insist that members of the plaintiff's family, under the disability naturally attendant upon infancy or illness, should use such auxiliary means of access.

Or, as the baby might prefer to say, *J'y suis, j'y reste.* She would base her claims not only on vested rights, but on her sentimental value as an institution which may have outgrown its usefulness, but which nevertheless does impart a certain atmosphere and flavor to life.

The latter argument, we imagine, should appeal to the enlightened landlord. Too many babies in the lobby are out of the question, but a young baby now and then is relished by the most hardened of apartment dwellers. It is a matter of common observation that adults starting out on a Sunday afternoon call will frequently smile at a baby in the elevator. There are instances where strong men in silk hats have so far relapsed to the primitive in the presence of a strange baby as to offer it the silver handle of a cane to bite upon. These manifestations are sporadic, to be sure. They will not outweigh a prolonged nocturnal symphony in Smith minor welcoming his first teeth. But they must be taken into the reckoning. As a factor that tends to lend color and verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing apartment-house tale, the wise landlord should be rather eager to permit a baby or two on the premises.

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A Little French World

A GREAT Italian novelist portrayed his country's world by drawing the "little world"—*piccolo mondo*—existing roundabout him. So what is going on among a few French families known to an American who has passed a lifetime with the French people may help to make real the message of the New Year in France.

Ring in redress to all mankind.

In November, news came that the son of a Paris publisher had been killed fighting in Champagne. The father's other sons and a son-in-law are still at the front, where Frenchmen are killed every day. The widow of the son who has fallen is very young and frail, with parents dead, and her only brother was killed but a short time before. She has, indeed, an infant child to turn her mind from her sorrow. The women of the family tell me she is "bitter" that the country, the whole world, has not stopped the German invasion which has slaughtered all her men. And this is one.

There was a lieutenant who, in years of peace, showed me over the navy yard of Toulon, where he was stationed. Now he has been killed in Athens, where the King of Greece's men attacked his band of marines without notice. His brother was killed in the war two years ago. He leaves an aged mother to care for another bed-ridden brother; and there is a sister who has to take care of her own infant children, for her husband is a doctor at the front. This is a family which, from generation to generation, has been brought up in the national defence; and they feel called as a matter of course to fight and suffer and die.

Why, boys, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?

So sang Wolfe and his men as they floated down the St. Lawrence towards the Heights of Abraham and death with victory. And this is two.

From his boyhood at school, I have watched the progress of the only son of a typical, faithful, lifelong state functionary in the civil-service bureaucracy of the French Government. He prepared himself for the severe mathematical examinations of the famous Ecole Polytechnique. When war came, his special abilities and acquirements had already cushioned for him an upper berth in the Finance Ministry of his country. And, after their habit, the great French banks, which need such young men specialized in technical finance, were holding before his eyes brilliant prospects in their service. The first day of war called him to military service and immediate battle in Alsace, but he issued from the disasters in those parts unscathed. Then he went out in the first detachment to Salonica, was wounded, convalesced, and spent last winter in Macedonian mountains—below zero. After an entire year, he has had a few days' furlough, to find his father and mother refugees from their home of a life time in the invaded North. "The first thing the Germans did was to drink up all my wine," said the old man with the proud sadness of a Frenchman who has stocked his cellar frugally but finely. They did more, for later refugees recount the destruction of the house with its books and little treasures of life amid the general pillage. To the son, his chiefs in the Finance Ministry said: "Stay, we are short-handed and need you." And he has made reply: "I am young and my health is perfect; if I do not fight, who will?" He is now back at the mountainous forefront of Macedonia, doing colonel's duty with the fifty live rifles left of all his battalion; and he is chief aide of the Servian commander alongside. And this is three.

Another refugee is—or was, for he died last week—a great farmer of the invaded North. Ten years ago I visited him on his patriarchal estate where he had many cattle. His old wife still made real fruit preserves for her grandchildren in the artificial city, but she died just before war began. He, with a widowed daughter and granddaughters—for the younger men all went forth to fight the strong bands coming to take their fields—escaped narrowly the German onrush. He found shelter in Brittany, a far-away region where the little he had been able to save would suffice for the family's living till the tide of war should turn. Other refugees brought him news of the wholesale destruction of his houses and barns and mills and beasts—all the work of his lifetime. He was of the old build of Frenchmen and held out weary months until now, dying at eighty-seven. The two male descendants able to come to his funeral wore uniforms of the front. They are the two sons of a daughter, herself an old woman who is caring for his infant great-grandchildren. And that is four.

For years I had my meat from nine brothers, all of them butchers for the Paris suburbs of my side. One is too old for active service and has been made an army butcher. The eight others have been scattered along the front from the beginning. One has been killed; and one has been sorely wounded, has recovered, and has gone back to fight. And the six others are still in the fighting line. The youngest has just been home on short leave. He says: "It is long, all the same." And the women who are left to look out for themselves ask anxiously if his *moral* is giving way and if he has the *cafard* (which is our "blues"). He has gone back to join the rest for one winter more.

You must quit your mother and your wife;
Your sweet little girl and your good little boy;
It must be.

You must will the attack under shell-fire
Or the trenches when not in battle:
You must will the gas that chokes and the mines,
The hand-to-hand fight, the shadow where they slay,
Feet that freeze and mud and vermin;
It must be.

Soldier of France, finish the work.
Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
But you will hold out one year more,
If it must be.

And all that is five.

In my apartment house with its twelve households, the ground floor left has a soldier. In the first floor left a woman with little children awaits her soldier's return—if it is to be—from war. To right, an accomplished young woman loses her chances of marriage while she does all the work of her invalid father and stepmother and goes out every afternoon to keep the books of the shop which meagrely supports them—because its head, her only brother, has gone to the wars. Second floor left, there is a grandmother whom two soldiers visit on rare furloughs. Opposite, four refugees of three families of Lille are crowd-

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ed together. The husband of one died of apoplexy when he learned the destruction of all his property by Germans occupying Lille. The wife of another, fleeing from the new house of their marriage, exhales her pain in endless, heartrending nocturnes of Chopin at the piano she has rented. The fourth, a young girl, married this week a soldier on furlough, who played exquisite violin fragments to the pianist's accompaniment—and is now back at the front. Third floor left, the husband has survived all the fighting from Charleroi to Champagne, where he still is—after twenty-nine months of war. To right, my cook asks timidly if the official *communiqué* has anything to say of the first-line post where her son is "cannon pointer." Her husband works at munitions, and, her son-in-law being at the war also, she has taken to her house her daughter with her four children. The *bonne* alongside has a brother taking care of horses at a cavalry *dépôt*, because he was a cabman and weighs more than two hundred pounds; and her foster brother has been killed. Fourth floor left, there is a young-looking mother of two dragoons, one of whom has been wounded and gone back to fight. To right is the apartment, kept closed by a Government receiver, of a German lace merchant. Like all his kind, he was warned and got off in time before war actually began, leaving word that he would come back a naturalized American and resume business. Fifth floor right, two women, mother and daughter, wait ever for letters to show that the husband of the younger still lives in Salonica or thereabouts. To left, there is a young mother all in black with a little daughter learning to walk—and the father shall never come back. Last of all, in the short-term apartments of the *mansarde*, there has been a succession of war widows, orphans, and munition workers. One of the widows is *conductrice* of a tramway into Paris. And all this is six.

Last of all, I learn from the list which the Germans themselves have published that the father of one of my friends in Lille is not a refugee, but a forced exile. His name is among the two hundred civilian notables of that occupied city who have been deported into Germany as a lesson to the less notable, for all and each of them never will be slaves. His son-in-law has been at his post in the French front from the beginning; and the wife, ailing and with an infant child, after many months was allowed to reach Switzerland and then Paris, where she lives poorly. The father remained with a widowed daughter that had one child—a daughter of nineteen who, French fashion, never left her mother's side. Then, last spring, there came the midnight summons, with a half-hour to prepare, and she was swept away, the mother knew not where, in a slave drive beside a German soldier. On such a night, one mother fell back dead.

To Prof. Ernest Lavisse, in these last days, a letter has come from a French woman who has thus lost every one—a letter to protest against any German peace. "Let those women whose flesh and blood have been torn asunder speak of peace. Let other women keep silence."

STODDARD DEWEY.

Paris, December 15.

Russia's Internal Foe

THE course of internal development in Russia after the war has occasioned more speculation and straining of logic than that of any other belligerent country. Germany's peace proposals have followed on the heels of her failure to obtain a separate peace with Russia. In Russia this failure meant the downfall of the reactionary Cabinet and a victory for the progressive Duma. The triumph was immediately followed by the announcement of the new Russian Premier Trepoff that the Allies had promised Constantinople and the Dardanelles to the Russians in the event of a victory—the agreement having been concluded by Russia and her allies in 1915. To-day Russia is more determined than any of her allies to continue the war and is ready to make any sacrifice until Germany is completely defeated.

It is, of course, useless to attempt to prophesy the possible outcomes of this perplexing situation. But it may be highly enlightening to inquire what this Russia is, with her uncompromising opposition to Germany, and with the promise of Constantinople before her. The situation suggests specific and pertinent questions. Does it mean that reactionary Russia has had its death blow, and that Liberal Russia is free to march to a constitutional form of government? Does it mean that a progressive Duma has conquered the only internal foe, and is now endeavoring to conquer the outside enemy—Germany, surrounded and aided by friends?

On the surface the prospects for a freer Russia are promising. The victory of the progressive Duma over the reactionary Cabinet supplies us with a basis for hope. With this achievement the slow and tortuous process of liberalization, of the orientation of the Russian people from East to West, may seem to have gained fresh vigor. We hear all voices in Russia clamoring together for apparently one ideal—democracy—the idol of the present age. But what is not now observed in the din of battle is that democracy means more than one thing. A good example of it is the present case. We find in Russian history, ever since the process of modernization began under Peter the Great, two currents which run in opposite directions, one east, the other west. In the nineteenth century they came to be known respectively as Slavophilism and Liberalism. The latter looked to Western Europe for the model on which Russia's national life must develop. To the Slavophil the foundation for Russia's future consisted precisely in those qualities of the national spirit and those national institutions in which Russia differed from the nations of Western Europe. Liberalism insisted that Russia could grow great only by learning from the West. Slavophilism declared that Russia had something to teach the West, and that her national destiny would be realized in the same measure as the soul of Russia imposed itself on the outside world.

Slavophilism and Liberalism are far from being reconciled now. In fact, the issue has never been more far-reaching than it is at present. Liberalism, that is to say Western evolution, in Russia has always been and is now an aspiration, a hope. Though suppressed by the home Gov-

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ernment, it had, before the war broke out, full sympathy and encouragement from abroad. To-day the case is just the reverse. Liberal Russia, which looks for the realization of its ideals to the West, is ignored. Her hope that a victory for the Entente Allies would mean a closer contact between them and her own people and thereby inaugurate a new era of popular freedom appears to many outside friends of Russia to be lacking in originality. They feel that Russia's strength in the present crisis consists in being true to herself; and that points to the Russia of the Slavophils. The latter do not embarrass the Allies by looking to them for salvation. They propose to make a positive contribution. It is a new type of civilization, which is not only a justification of the war against "militarism," but which actually gives to the Allies, as one English apologist expresses it, "spiritual grace."

Such proposals are particularly welcome, now. Emerging, as it does, against the background of a terribly disillusioned Western Kultur, this message of the Slavophils is the more acceptable. On the one hand, we have in the West, as Bergson puts it, a rigid, clockwork civilization—the incorporation of a mechanism which is doomed to destruction. On the other hand, we have Life itself, which is bound to win. When the conflict is so dramatized, Russia assumes the rôle of Life, and the world of Dostoevsky is hurled against that of Kant. In this manner we find even Romain Rolland fighting. In his defence of Russia, Rolland exclaims: "Who but the Russians have been our guides? What German writers can you set up against Tolstoy and Dostoevsky?" This Russia, evidently, does not come to the West as a pupil but as a teacher. The message it brings is no other than democracy—not the formal democracy of the West, but Russia's specific heritage: an expression of the peculiar genius of the Russian people. It has all the virtues of a democracy for which Western Europe has vainly struggled and hoped. It is the soul of Russia which has lived in a suppressed state since Peter the Great under a cruel and foreign bureaucracy.

It is this Russia which is the subject of the ever-swelling flood of books and articles. It is the holy Russia, for instance, of Mr. Stephen Graham's worship. The subject is treated with such warmth and exultance of tone that it betrays not only a lack of knowledge but a bad conscience. A vast amount of the mystical and the occult is expended to make out a case for Russia. Politics and mysticism, economic conquest, an open passage to the sea, Constantinople, and the Dardanelles are indissolubly bound up with spiritual longings and religious piety. The case for Russia has been padded with so much soul and mystic stuff that one suspects that some contraband must have been hidden unconsciously, perhaps, in its pious folds.

That the suspicion is well grounded and that just here is to be found the most formidable foe of a really free Russia, as well as of a free world, as we of the West understand freedom, will be readily seen after we try to understand the message she pretends to bring.

The message is incorporated in the famous mediæval Russian village commune, the "mir." This enslaving institution which has thwarted the development of the Russian people, and which has been partially dissolved by appalling periodic famines, is revived as the only basis for a true democracy. Just how it serves as such a basis is very well illustrated by Olga Novikoff, in a recent article: "In the foundation of parishes lies the seed of future economic victory; for, without a parish, there can be neither solidarity, nor union of interests, nor any means of utilizing to the utmost all the resources of the nation for the benefit of our church and state." The same author assures us that the parish authorities consider it "their duty to look after the moral (as well as the) material welfare of their flock." The "union of interests" in the "flock" can hardly be over-estimated as the only ground of a true democracy—as the Slavophil sees it. The secret of the failure of democracy in Western Europe is found in its endless conflicts of interests, whereas perfect harmony, the absence of strife, envy, and pride, are the key to Russian spirituality. That is why we find the Russian lacking in angularity and stiffness, and find him "all-human" in sympathy, pliant in spirit, meek in heart—a true Christian who gains spiritual mastery through submission. Russia is free from that original sin—rationalism—which has misled the Western Church and has driven men into revolt and unbelief.

Actually such a heavenly condition of perfect harmony has not been realized yet—the Slavophil apologist admits. There is strife in this world, and therefore external order, governmental intervention, is necessary to make this unity complete: external order with its state direction, its prisons, and soldiers. The Russian people are concerned only with moral unity and are indifferent to legal procedure. Everything that has to do with law, coercion, external power, has been handed over to the state. This voluntary subjection to the state is a distinct feature of Russian history, which does not begin with conquest, but with the calling of the Norman chiefs by the Russian tribes to rule over them. There is this dualism, then, in social life in Russia: Power, law, coercion belong wholly to the realm of the state; submission, spiritual concern, and the practice of Christian virtues belong to the community. But these two spheres are not opposed to each other. They are complementary. There is an explicit confidence of the people in their ruler. As G. de Wessilitsky assures us: "There have never been conflicts between Monarchy and Democracy in Russia." They are "indissolubly cemented and consecrated by the wise leadership of the Great White Czar." One might, of course, think of the revolutionary movement as a case to the contrary. But this, he says, together with the system of bureaucracy, is a foreign product, made in Germany.

Hence, to the Slavophil, the purpose and aim in this war is clear. It is a war of liberation from the German yoke, a liberation of all those foreign elements which are so disturbing to the original unity of Russian life. It now strives to come to its own again. This is an old and deep-rooted ambition. It is the old policy of that arch-reactionary, Pobyedonostsev, who strove to "freeze out" every new force, every new element which might be prejudicial to the life and unity of the church and state. The results of such a policy are well known. But what is not generally observed is that this policy is in perfect accord with the spiritual "democracy" described above. In the intimate friendship between Pobyedonostsev and Dostoevsky is symbolized, as it were, the indissoluble bond between Russian autocracy and "democracy."

This is the Russia of the Slavophil apologists, which is hurled against German militarism and which gives "spiritual grace" to the Allies.

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But what is of greater consequence is that this "democratic" Russia is encouraged not only through literary media, but by the actual promise of Constantinople to the Russians. Constantinople is, as Trepoff is reported to have said, an "age-long dream, cherished in the heart of the Russian people." But as the unprejudiced eye sees it, the state of mind which this "dream" reveals is that of a "democratic" Russia which will raise insurmountable barriers in the way of an enduring peace. The danger of the "dream" is painfully realized by Germany, who may be willing to make any concessions except allow Constantinople to be in the grip of Russia. Germany, like England and France in 1853-56 and in 1878, will, no doubt, struggle to the last to frustrate this "age-long dream" and never to allow its attainment.

Because in the West we assume Liberalism and democracy as synonymous, this word of caution is necessary as to the distinction between Liberalism in Russia and the democracy of the Slavophils. The Liberal elements in Russia stand for what to us are obvious desiderata—a modernized social life and modern state institutions. The Slavophil democracy is pledged to the enslaving institutions of the "mir" in its economic life and the autocracy in its political life. Liberalism is not land-hungry. It does not strive for expansion. The Russian Empire is big enough for its people and its great need is internal reconstruction. But the Slavophil, with his "message" to the world, with his pious longings for the holy city of Byzantium, lends himself to policies of conquest and aggression.

The Russia of the Slavophil is not only menacing the peace of the world, but is threatening the very life of the Russian people. The hope of a Liberal Russia, as of future peace, is greatly endangered by the encouragement and cherishing of the "democratic" Russia which has no difficulty in reconciling democracy with Czarism and Constantinople.

NATHAN SHAVIRO.

Curbing Our Speculators Abroad

OUR new Federal Trade Commission has many latent possibilities. None of them, however, is more significant than the opportunity it offers of establishing a branch bureau with powers to investigate and supervise the activity of American investors in Mexico and other parts of Latin-America. Equipped with such an instrument, the United States might reasonably and justly refuse armed protection to any American citizen abroad who declined to make full public reports at least once a year on every phase of his trade or industry.

Mexican disorder has really brought us to a dead halt in our foreign policies. Our Romanesque statesmen, so-called, demand the fullest protection to the lives and property of all American citizens abroad, with but scant inquiry as to the character of their foreign activities or the cause of their frequent difficulties. Our Asiatic statesmen, with almost equal disregard for proportion, would refuse protection to any American, worthy or unworthy, who forsakes his own country to do business. As a third course, Mr. Walter Lippmann in his suggestive volume, "The Stakes of Diplomacy," has evolved a sort of coöperative imperialism through which the strong states of the world would undertake jointly to supervise the stability of weaker states. To each of these three policies there are reasonable and grave objections, some of which, at least, would not inhere in the plan of Federal supervision which I mentioned.

Mexico is perhaps a more serious menace to our continued peace than were the Balkan states to the tranquillity of Europe. Europe alone sought paramount interest in the Balkans; both Europe and the United States have taken a hand in the commercial development of Mexico. The prospect that Mexican government will continue unstable for at least another decade offers manifold sources of international friction and worse. In a crisis involving the Monroe Doctrine we should probably experience one of those sudden inflations of national pride which need only a pin prick to explode. In its deep and powerful phases, the Mexican problem is of world concern; it is no less serious than the problem of China or Morocco, or, if you will, of Servia. Rich natural resources unguarded by firm or lasting government are a constant temptation to private greed and to armed intervention.

To-day, for example, the world undoubtedly has need of Mexico's mineral wealth. The British have a keen eye on the Tampico oil fields; American investors have an equally tender regard for Mexico's copper, silver, and gold mines. Unfortunately, legitimate investors are not the only men inspired to "develop" Mexico. The venality of many Mexican officials sorely tempts the wild-cat speculator. When bribery cannot effect his ends, local revolution offers another avenue to privilege. Interspersed among real patriots the speculator can always find a generous number of men who make patriotism their business. There is plentiful evidence, some of which I have gathered personally, that certain wealthy Americans within the last two or three years have attempted to finance counter-revolutions, not only in the north of Mexico, but from the south as well. These men either do not or will not see that, whatever his defects, Carranza now enjoys international recognition, and that in the long run more good will spring from strengthening his power, albeit controlling and restraining it as well, than from overturning his Government and further perpetuating chaos.

To grant speculators and promoters of revolutions the same degree of protection that we accord, or should accord, to legitimate investors is to set a premium on dishonest business. The speculator is quite ready to match the chance of huge profits against the risk of total loss. That is his nature. But add to the prospect of gain the certainty that any loss will be backed up and retrieved by his home Government, and you have made of the speculator an international fire-brand. You have used the American flag not for an honorable but for a dishonorable purpose. You have enthroned not national honor but national dishonor.

On the other hand, it will serve no good purpose to refuse protection to all our citizens in foreign trade. Mechanical inventions have linked the world into a commercial unity. If all Governments were stable, perhaps there would be small danger from outrages on honest business men abroad. Mr. Norman Angell, I believe, noted that Paris was Germany's most lucrative colony. German subjects in Paris had no

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need to seek the constant protection of the German flag. But the same merchants in Albania might experience great hardships and some unfair treatment. They would have frequent need to appeal for German protection and even intervention. So long as disorderly Governments exist, and so long as the countries where they exist contain vast natural resources of which the world has urgent need, we must continue to accord full protection to the business pioneers who try to develop those resources by legitimate methods. The right kind of investor seeks to make local government more stable. He exerts a beneficial effect on the country in which he operates. If we refused him protection, and thus discouraged his work of development, we should be condemning the existing weak states to a continuance of local anarchy and should be shutting them out from healthy contact with the best of the modern world.

There remains Mr. Lippmann's ingenious idea of coöperative imperialism. He would have, as I understand, an international governing board in each of the weak states of the world, consisting perhaps of the Diplomatic Body; and he would obtain strength and stability for this Government by transferring to it the allegiance of all merchants and investors of other nations doing business under its jurisdiction. This would be local internationalism with loyalty guaranteed by way of the pocket nerve. If a merchant felt that he could not look to his home Government for protection, but only to the local international Government, he would rapidly discover a sincere loyalty to the latter.

Certainly the idea promises an increase in the total of world efficiency. Also, it might be remarked, German autocracy is more efficient than the autocracy of Louis XIV. Mr. Lippmann's suggestion does not obviate the initial necessity for intervention in the domestic affairs of a backward state, nor the embarrassment of determining which is a weak and which a strong state. Moreover, it dangerously lessens the responsibility of each nation for the business morality of its own subjects. We need more national responsibility in these days, and not less. A nation cannot fittingly wash its hands of responsibility for the man who has been trained in its own schools, inspired by its own governmental system, and brought up in its own codes of business morality. It cannot treat him as a moral orphan to be guided by an international asylum.

To have each country closely supervise the activities of its nationals abroad, and accord a discriminating protection when it is merited, and then only, seems to offer a more natural and responsible, as well as a more democratic, solution of the problem raised by weak states. I have suggested a means ready to hand by which the United States could initiate such a policy. The Federal Trade Commission could be authorized to demand of all Americans abroad semi-annual or annual reports on every phase of their business, including their concessions, if any, of a political nature. The reports should be voluntary. But the Government should flatly refuse to grant protection to any one failing to make them at regular intervals. We compel our railways to-day to submit to stringent regulation and full publicity. To extend the principle to our foreign trade would be a logical and natural development, as well as marking a great step forward in national honesty and candor. It would be to our international welfare what open-handed management of our railways has become to our domestic welfare, an omen of peace.

I have likewise suggested that the Foreign Trade Bureau should have the power to make special investigations. The main object in publishing the reports of our foreign traders would be to invite the close scrutiny of competing interests, European and American. The Bureau should stand ready at all times to receive complaints and charges against American concerns, and to follow up such charges by direct investigation and public hearings. In this way the intensity of competition in newly developed countries would serve to check up the accuracy of all reports, and to eliminate a large part of the international jealousy which now threatens world's peace.

Moreover, we should have in this method of handling foreign trade a basis for the spontaneous development of international courts. Let us suppose, for example, that a French firm should make formal complaint to our Foreign Trade Bureau that the report of a given American company was inaccurate, that it overstated its tangible assets, and maintained the legality of certain very doubtful local concessions. It is probable that in conducting an investigation of these charges, our Bureau would invite the coöperation of a French investigator and also a neutral. Here we should have the germ of a really effective international court. The essential difference between such a system and our present crude attempts at arbitration would lie in the steps preceding the investigation. We should welcome rather than resent the protest of foreign business men. We should regard it as part of the strength of our system of supervision. The whole inquiry would take on a legal aspect, and would remain what such affairs should remain, a question between individuals and not between nations.

Regulation of this sort ought to discourage in time the wild-cat speculators and the promoters of revolutions. They might hope for a while to conceal many of their dealings, and even to return fairly plausible reports. But the results of a few searching investigations, such as the Government has conducted of our own railways, would, I think, reduce the premium on dishonesty. And, as for those who would risk doing business without the approval of their home Government, their number would be insignificant and their ability to start an international quarrel practically nil.

The United States could initiate such a régime of regulation at once. It would give us so distinct an advantage over other nations in the form of confidence and respect that we may be reasonably sure the great Powers would soon follow suit. One of the chief defects of Mr. Lippmann's coöperative imperialism springs from the necessity of obtaining the sanction of all the great Powers at once. Like the plea for disarmament, it would be answered by the cry: "All or none." Regulation is strictly our own affair, at all times within our own control and giving rise to no international jealousies. We might even initiate it as an experiment in Mexico alone, or in Mexico and Central America. Then, if we found it beneficial, we could extend it at the close of the European war to cover the world. There is strong reason to believe that by eliminating our adventurous speculators from foreign fields and encouraging only legitimate investment we could indirectly do much to increase the stability of many backward states, and, chief among them, of Mexico. Should other countries follow our lead, then we could fairly say and with confidence that we had taken a firm hold upon the hope of progressive peace.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

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Correspondence

THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is perhaps some danger that many of our countrymen, even those who are sincere and earnest friends of the great causes for which the Allies are fighting, may, on the first impulse, in the natural desire to see a prompt ending to the slaughter and waste now going on, give to the German peace proposals greater weight than they deserve. Careful consideration of the German statements and of the circumstances under which they are made should throw doubt on the sincerity of these offers. They are probably put forward in order to be rejected and thus to seem to throw upon the Entente the onus of the continuance of the war. The inspired statements of the German official and semi-official press make this abundantly clear and foreshadow an intention to throw to the winds any possibly remaining scruples and to inaugurate a campaign of frightfulness which shall go beyond even those inhuman horrors with which German warfare has made us already only too familiar. The expected rejection of these peace proposals is intended to justify—at least to that curiously distorted instrument the German mind—the increased frightfulness now openly threatened. Such threats do not make for peace, they only nerve to greater and more heroic endeavor.

Apart from these threats and this hypocritical attempt to bolster up the myth that Germany was attacked—instead of the ruthless aggressor she really is—there are other considerations which must lead the friends of freedom to regard these proposals with distrust.

The precise terms which Germany is to propose are veiled; but statements are allowed publication which indicate what the German Government has in mind. The basis of peace now proposed is said to be: a return to the *status quo ante bellum*, no indemnities, and a European conference on the Balkan question. In other words: after two years of the most awful warfare ever known, Germany now offers what the Entente Powers urged upon her and what she rejected before the war. What she might have had without striking a blow, she now proposes. It is at least a confession of failure.

But it should be obvious that the Allies cannot make peace except on the general basis so clearly outlined by Asquith and now repeated by Bonar Law: "adequate reparation for the past, and adequate security for the future."

The conditions before the war included not only a free, but a prosperous Belgium. Germany is understood to reject the idea of any indemnities. Germany not only wantonly and wickedly invaded Belgium; but she has destroyed Belgian towns and cities, she has stolen Belgian machinery and other property, she has exacted enormous sums of money from the whole country and from individual cities, she has committed crimes she can never atone for; but she can at least pay the material value of the material damage and restore dollar for dollar what she has stolen in Belgium, in France, and elsewhere. The only basis upon which international law can be restored, the only "foundations upon which," to use the President's phrase, "peace can be rebuilt" with any hope of permanence, are terms that will make it clear that international law cannot be violated without reparation.

When—as the German Chancellor said—Germany, "contrary to international law," invaded Belgium, he stated: "The wrong that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal is reached." The Entente Allies, especially France and England, are bound by every consideration of gratitude and of honor to see to it that, at the very least, these words of the German Chancellor shall be made good, and that Germany shall, so far as possible, repair the results of her great wrong.

In the negotiations before the war the British Ambassador said to the German Chancellor that it was "a matter of life and death for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked." More than ever, now, the honor of Great Britain and of France requires that no peace shall be made which does not, so far as materially possible, indemnify Belgium for her great sacrifice in the cause of civilization.

The honor and the interest of America require that neither the Government nor public opinion in the United States shall lend countenance to a peace which does not secure this essential justice to all nations whose rights have been ruthlessly trampled under Germany's iron heel.

It is now more than ever necessary that America should make clear its opinion that, in the words of the address of the Five Hundred American Citizens to the Peoples of the Entente Allies, "a peace which does not restore Belgium to the Belgian people, and to their own Government, which does not give them such indemnity as will allow them so far as possible to reconstruct their wasted cities and villages, and restore their ruined prosperity, a peace which does not recognize the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe, a peace which does not offer some guarantee that such a calamity as the present war shall not recur, a peace which does not secure these things would be a disaster and not a blessing."

H. LANGFORD WARREN.

Cambridge, Mass., December 17.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is remarkable the unanimity with which those who point to the breakdown of the National Guard as indicating a lack of responsibility on the part of the people fail to realize that this breakdown is due to their persistent effort to force a plan of service—a federalized militia—which the people have repudiated and will not consent to. The breakdown indicates the necessity of reconsidering and recognizing the points at which such service will attract the interested support and confidence of the people. Three propositions coördinate this new theory. They are: (1) The abolition of West Point; (2) the establishment of a regular army with such pay, obligation of service, and chance for an honorable career as will offer attraction to self-respecting young Americans; (3) the reëstablishment of the National Guard as a home defence, a training school of military service, and a source of enlistments. Taking the second point first, let all enlistments in the regular army be for three years, and all officers be appointed from graduates of the service. Each year let examination be held for the third-year class of that year, the graduates of which to a certain number should be sent to a reorganized West Point for high instruction in military matters, engineering, science, and humanities. Appointments by no other method

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should be permitted. After graduation from this college, the higher-class men should be returned to the army; the lower receive one year's pay and be permitted to reënlist or to enter civil life.

The militia as the basis of civilian service in its threefold office should devolve no further duty upon its members than the duty of service through volunteer enlistment or otherwise than that which rests upon any other citizen. In case of war, let the necessary quotas be laid upon the several States to be filled from the militia and citizenship as seems locally most convenient. The quotas so raised could be received by intersusceptation into the ranks of the cadres of the regular army. This would permit each unit of a thousand men of that force to receive at least four men per man; making a regular establishment of two hundred thousand equal to one million men. Continue the unenlisted membership of the National Guard at home, and permit the units to receive enlistments, so that they would be a line of defence in case of real invasion, and a cadre for the reception and training of further enlistments. Make the Assistant Secretary of War the Assistant Chief of Staff of the regular army, and hold this staff responsible for the establishment and settlement of all questions of mobilization and for the accumulation of material and equipment and, in consonance with the rights of Congress, for the development of organization and policy. Some such plan as this herein sketched will win a loyal support from the people and will do what the present system has proved incapable of: develop a real army. I may add that it is my personal opinion that the chief trouble with the army organization is that West Point has outgrown any usefulness it ever had, and is an excrescence on the method of army development which democratic America will not tolerate except under the urgent spur of necessity.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, December 20.

POETRY OF THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is rather a pity, I think, that your correspondent, Mr. Dewey, went to the trouble of translating "Les gars de Verdun." Surely he might have credited the readers of the *Nation* with that amount of culture! Even if it is obscurer than "Chanticler," one might puzzle out something, or at least get the sound if not the sense, which latter is sometimes a bit obscure, even with our native bards—"Kubla Khan," for example, the classic instance that sense doesn't matter if sound is all right.

It is, however, something that he did not translate the refrain, which might have been rendered as follows (freely):

> Ah ha ha! Believe me!
> The boys at Verdun are in on some spree!

(or more literally):

> Ah ha ha! Arms I sing!
> The boys at Verdun are as-toun-ding!

To turn abruptly from gay to grave, I wanted, long ago, when you printed an essay on the poetry of the war, to send you this, which I clipped once from I know not what periodical, and have never seen since. A jewel, it seems to me, in its peculiar temporaneousness—the word I want is not! "A thing belonging essentially to one time and class, and to no other." It was written by Lord Crewe as a tribute to the memory of his son-in-law, the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M.P.—the two names contribute essentially to the quality to which I have fitted my uncouth, neglected word—who was killed "somewhere in Flanders":

> Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
> One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
> Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
> He rests, unknown.
>
> His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn;
> School triumphs earned apace in work and play;
> Friendship at will; then love's delightful dawn
> And mellowing day.
>
> Home fostering hope; some service to the state;
> Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
> Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
> His fathers sleep.
>
> Was here the one thing needful to distil
> From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
> The man's essential soul, the hero will?
> We ask; and wait.

M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., November 19.

TAGORE'S PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Without committing myself to a full and unqualified endorsement of Tagore's views, I may be permitted to say that Mr. Paul More's criticism of Tagore is neither fair nor to the point.

First, it is not right to construct the social philosophy of a poet from a few scattered verses picked up from two of his collections, which have been especially translated for the Western reader.

Secondly, a poet is an artist first and anything afterwards. He does not aim at a systematic exposition of the science of life. His poems may disclose flashes of philosophic thought, but their chief claim on mankind is the *art* and not the *logic* involved therein.

Thirdly, it is hardly fair to make a comparison between pieces of devotional poetry and epic poetry like that of the "Bhagwat Gita." The prose poems of "Gitanjali" and "Fruit-Gathering" are the ecstatic utterances of a man head and shoulders in love. The theme of the "Gita" is the exhortation of Krishna to Arjuna, on his duty as a warrior, when "suddenly in the presence of two armies drawn up for battle," he refuses to perform it, being "filled with dismay at the thought of the carnage to ensue." The path of love is not always the path of duty. In "Gitanjali" a devotee is speaking to the object of his love, his God. In "Bhagwat Gita" Krishna is speaking to a disciple, who, standing on a field of battle, has thrown away his arms in despair.

Mr. More would have been more to the point if he had compared the poetry of Tagore with that of Kalidasa, or Bhavabhuti or Vidyapati, or even with Sei Mad Bhagwatam or Vashishta Yoga; or, better still, if he had compared the teachings of "Sādhanā" with those of the "Upanishads." I do not know if a comprehensive study of Tagore would disclose any essential conflict between his philosophy of life and that of "Bhagwat Gita." But if it does, young India would rather swear by the latter than by the former.

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"Bhagwat Gita" is the inspiration of young India. Copies of it are almost always found in the searches made in connection with "seditious" propaganda.

It is rather unfortunate that the West should be familiar only with a few of Tagore's writings, and these should be such as are not characterized by "virility" of thought. The following cannot be called "virile," but neither is it "effeminate":

"To thee, my motherland, I dedicate my life, for thee I consecrate my life; for thee my eyes will weep; and in thy praise my muse will sing. Though my arms are helpless and powerless, still they will do the deeds that can only serve thy cause; and though my sword is rusty with disgrace, still it will sever thy chains of bondage, sweet mother of mine" ("Rabindranath Tagore," by B. K. Roy, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.). LAJPAT RAI.

New York, December 6.

[Sir Rabindranath Tagore has given a formal exposition of his philosophy in "Sādhanā: The Realization of Life." Despite its constant quotation of ancient texts, it seems to me, no less than his poems, a saccharine imitation.—P. E. MORE.]

Nature in Whittier

I.

IN his paper on Robert Dinsmore, Whittier made a characteristic observation concerning rural poetry: "The mere dilettante and the amateur ruralist may as well keep their hands off. The prize is not for them. He who would successfully strive for it must be himself what he sings, one who has added to his book-lore the large experiences of an active participation in the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and pleasures he describes." This is well said, even if it has something of Wordsworth's jealous concern for his Cumberland mountains. The rural poet must be sincere and truthful; and Whittier was ever both, thanks to his character no less than to his environment. He was no amateur ruralist, this dark, keen-eyed, somewhat lanky countryman, who had swung axe and flail and wandered barefoot in quest of nuts and berries, who, when Garrison came to call him to the great world, was in the act of crawling under the barn after a stolen hen's nest. He knew farm life as intimately as Burns did, and he had explored the surrounding woods and meadows with an eye more observant, if not more loving, than that of Burns. Everywhere in his poetry we see the apple orchards of New England, the stone fences with their load of vine, the roads winding past small farms and ponds and glacial lakes, the brooks and placid rivers, the ocean gray in the chill fog or glancing blue under a summer sky. The scenery of a farming country and of the ocean Whittier often combined in a charmingly simple picture:

> The slopes lay green with summer rains,
> The western wind blew fresh and free,
> And glimmered down the orchard lanes
> The white surf of the sea.

Deficient as he was in the life of the senses—he was color-blind, had no ear for music, enjoyed dully sensations of touch, odor, and taste—it is not a little surprising to find how carefully he observed and recorded the sights and sounds of the country about the farm under Job's Hill. He had, indeed, something of what he calls "White of Selborne's loving view."

Though he was not the American poet of the sea—Longfellow and Whitman both have a better claim to the title—he wrote abundantly of

> Waves in the sun, the white-winged gleam
> Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,
> And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

He watched the slow tides in their coming and going, the curved surf following the beach line and leaping upon the gray rocks of the headland, by night the water luminous under the moon, reflecting, in the darkness beneath a bluff, the sudden shine of the lighthouse beacon; he listened to the call of the curlew across the bay, to the voices of children playing in the sand, to the cadence of miniature waves on an Indian summer afternoon, or the crash and hiss of a nor'easter bearing sheets of fine rain; he camped with Fields and Bayard Taylor, on Hampton Beach, behind them marsh, creeks, and sombre oakwood, before them the sea, the outbound fishing schooners, with sails aslant to the wind, the white and gray birds voyaging hither and thither; in the marshes of Salisbury he beheld the mowers sweeping down the salt hay, off Boar's Head he fished for rock cod, at the Isles of Shoals enjoyed

> The hake-broth on the drift-wood coals;
> The chowder on the sand-beach made,
> Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
> With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.

And in all of these things, particularly as he grew older, he found a subtle virtue—"the healing of the sea."

Still more closely did he watch nature in the neighborhood of the homestead above the brook. Insects, indeed, he mentioned sparingly in his poems—save the bees, whose "low hum" sounds dreamily in many of his landscapes—and he seemed to care little for the larger creatures about him, unless we except the squirrel and a number of birds. His birds are nearly thirty in number, and many of them occur several times—the wild goose floating on Kenoza Lake, the blue-jay with his foolish scream, the blithe song sparrow by the river's edge. But he had apparently no favorite among the birds, nothing analogous to Lowell's bobolinks and orioles or Gilbert White's swallows, and, we may add, did not observe the ways of birds more attentively than do most countrymen. General names, such as thrush and woodpecker, usually sufficed when he wished to vary his customary beach-bird, sea-fowl, wood-bird, bird-song, and the like. The possibility that he was unromantic enough actually to prefer these general names is, I think, removed by his evident accuracy in referring to flowers and trees.

About forty flowers blossom in his poetry, and certain of them so often that they had plainly won his esteem. Thus the "trembling harebells" recur five times as often as the hardhack and thistle, both characteristic of the Whittier country; the fragrance of clover and the luxuriant yellow of goldenrod are found frequently; the laurel and asters of the Merrimac banks and the lilies of the quiet ponds are singled out for particular praise; the violet is mentioned four times as often as the daisy, the wild rose eight times as often; and the mayflower, partly on account of its historic association, is the subject of two poems. Trees, how-

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ever, are still commoner in Whittier's poetry—in all well-nigh thirty species, a number of which recur again and again. Although he was not given to mentioning the precise species—poplar, willow, and the like usually sufficed—he did so on occasion; witness his scarlet-oak and stag-horned sumac. And again, whereas he had no favorites among the birds and only a conventional liking for certain flowers, he was apparently very fond of certain trees—the elm, the maple, the birch, the pine. He referred frequently to the elms of the village, wet with rain or gleaming with snow and ice—"a jewelled elm-tree avenue"—and to the fine fringe of elms along the Merrimac. The maple attracted him in all seasons, but especially in spring, when the little flower tassels quiver with life in the soft rain, and in the autumn, when the whole tree is aflame with color. Still oftener did he describe the birch, white of stem, dainty of foliage, a token of the purity of nature; in one of his sea-coast pictures not a birch-spray is "trembling in the still moonshine."

Yet, compared with the pine, these trees occur almost rarely. In something like sixty-five poems the pine is mentioned or described, while the birch, the nearest rival, occurs only fifteen times, the maple a dozen times, the willow three or four times. Among all the birds, flowers, and trees of the Merrimac valley, Whittier bestowed his affection first of all on the oracular pine of Emerson, the "sempiternal" and "elysian" pine of Thoreau's musings. This liking for the pine is perhaps the most striking trait he had in common with the Transcendentalists. Now the sleety wind is roaring through the pines, now the ancient pine laments with him the death of a friend with wordless moan, now he stops to admire "the storm-torn plumes of old pine-forest kings," or the subtle fire of the sunshine among the delicate sprays, or the sea-coast headland bristling with dark green, or the last sun of summer shining "through yon columnar pines"; the mountains stretch away with their massy covering of "eternal pines," and the woodland paths are overhung with "low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed," and Chocorua is "pine-besung"; in a poem on Burns, the pine is employed as an emblem of "the North's keen virtue," contrasted with the languorous beauty of the Southern palm. The characteristics of the pine that he returned to again and again are its tenuous music when the wind touches its strings; its sturdy, steady growth, rarely tainted by decay; and its evergreen quality. The first of these brought an infinity of sombrely romantic suggestions, the last two the sense of eternity. The pine retains its foliage and melancholy music when other trees are bared by autumn blasts, and it naturally became for him a symbol of sadness and survival; he, too, mourned when, year after year, friends left him for the land of fronded palms. There is something evanescent and light-hearted, even trivial, in the airy willows and aspens; and there is something "hoary-wise" and permanent in the dark and fragrant pine.

II.

Like Matthew Arnold he looked to the outer and unhuman world, not for his entire religion, but for the moral stimulus that it unfailingly gave. He was, as I have said, lacking in the life of the senses, and we find in him none of the passionately sensuous delight of Whitman or Richard Jeffries, not even the sensuous pleasure of a normal man like Lowell. Though by no means unaware of the sheer beauty of nature, of its varied sights and sounds, he found in this beauty chiefly a moral value. "Beauty," he says more than once, "in and of itself, is good." Yet this is not the religion of beauty of which Keats and Ruskin were disciples, since the emphasis is reversed. To Keats, if the two are identical, it is because both bring the delights of beauty; to Whittier, because both bring moral strength. Far be it from this Quaker in a Puritan land, whose main ideal was that of the home and who yet never married, to become enraptured with melancholy reverie, with the intoxication of flowery meadows, with the physical attractions of woman. Instead he addresses Kenoza Lake in this wise:

> Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
> Thy beauty our deforming strife;
> Thy woods and waters minister
> The healing of their life.

In "Summer by the Lakeside," there are lines that superficially resemble those of a mystical dreamer losing himself in nature:

> I read each misty mountain sign,
> I know the voice of wave and pine,
> And I am yours, and ye are mine.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> This western wind hath Lethean powers,
> Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
> The lake is white with lotus-flowers!
>
> Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
> And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
> Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

But, after all, this is not the mood of him who would merge himself with nature; it is the mood of a man who places too much, rather than too little, stress on orthodox moral values, who would therefore seek the rest of momentary oblivion. The word "even" in the phrase "Even Duty's voice" is significant, and it is worth remarking that Duty and Conscience merely nod. Whittier closes the poem, not with the mystic's yearning for union with the Ineffable, but with the resignation of one who is content that an inscrutable Creator should command his destiny—"Unanxious, leaving him to show."

This love of nature as a healing power, quite distinct from the modern desire of interpenetration with her, is still more clearly expressed in "My Namesake." The poet is telling his namesake what the latter should say, "when asked the reason of thy name." In the course of his description of himself, Whittier says:

> On all his sad or restless moods
> The patient peace of nature stole;
> The quiet of the fields and woods
> Sank deep into his soul.
>
> He worshipped as his fathers did,
> And kept the faith of childish days,
> And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
> He loved the good old ways.

As an element of style, Whittier's poetical use of nature consists mainly in more or less labored descriptions, devoid of the witchery of phrase, and in somewhat elaborate similes. He writes conventionally of the analogy of the seasons and life. Although many of his analogies are fairly well concealed, he frequently concludes a stretch of description with a frank "So" and a deliberate application of the moral inherent in the description. For example: "So the o'erwearied pilgrim," "So live the fathers in their sons," " 'So,'

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prayed we, 'when our feet draw near,'" "So, let me hope, the battlestorm that beats," "So from the trodden ways of earth," "So . . . be mine the hazel's grateful part," "'So, always baffled, not misled We follow where before us runs The vision of the shining ones.'" Behind these seemingly surface analogies, however, lies a deeper meaning, an essential part of Whittier's religion. God, he says, "Whose presence fills With light the spaces of these hills," can surely will no harm to His creatures. Nature is fair, and it follows, in the simple but not trivial faith of this Quaker poet, that God is good and will do what is best for all.

> Thy tender love I see,
> In radiant hill and woodland dim,
> And tinted sunset sea.
> For not in mockery dost Thou fill
> Our earth with light and grace;
> Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
> Behind Thy smiling face!

So fair, indeed, are nature's forms in this world, he intimates in several poems, that they may well be "heavenly archtypes." The beauty of earth is thus not only a token of immortality but also a token of the actual appearance of heaven itself. One analogy, however, fails, and in its failure lies the pathos of human life:

> I go the common way of all;
> The sunset fires will burn,
> The flowers will blow, the river flow,
> When I no more return.

Nature, then, meant to Whittier a medicinal power whose sovereign virtue was the sense of peace and uprightness that it imparted, and it meant further, in his contemplative hours, a source of analogies with the last mysteries of life. Much as he enjoyed the piney woods and vine-fringed river of his home country, he did not seek in nature an answer to his deepest questionings. Herein he was unlike the characteristic nineteenth-century poet; herein he was, in brief, a Quaker. Yet he had nothing of the asceticism of the Middle Ages, whose "proud humilities of sense And posturing of penitence" he repudiated more than once. In the verses entitled "To——, With a Copy of Woolman's Journal," Whittier states clearly where the soul should go for an answer to its deepest questions. It should go, not to a ritualistic faith, not to the idle, actionless faith of the ascetic, not to "wire-worked" oracles, and not where the maiden of these stanzas goes, to nature, whose rugged features would then be falsely covered with Fancy's veil, but to the still, small voice within:

> . . . a soul-sufficing answer
> Hath no outward origin;
> More than Nature's many voices
> May be heard within.

The same conclusion is reached thirty years later in "Monadnock from Wachuset"; it is elaborated still more in "Questions of Life," in which he turns from nature, from man's wisdom as recorded in books, from the impotence of grandiose creeds, "To the still witness in my heart"; and it is elaborated again in "The Meeting." In the last-named poem, one of the two speakers advocates worship where the slow hours "Glide soundless over grass and flowers!" The other speaker responds that the pine-laid floor of the meeting-house is not, indeed, better than "breezy hill or sea-sung shore":

> But nature is not solitude:
> She crowds us with her thronging wood;
> Her many hands reach out to us,
> Her many tongues are garrulous;
> Perpetual riddles of surprise
> She offers to our ears and eyes;
> She will not leave our senses still,
> But drags them captive at her will.

One could not wish for a more solid presentation of the dangers of the nature cult. Only the strongest personality has will enough to withstand the blandishments of nature: Wordsworth sometimes succumbed to this siren of the romantic era; Jeffries succumbed completely and ignominiously; Whitman reached a delirium that mixed all values; Thoreau, it is true, was rarely, and Emerson still more rarely, dragged "captive at her will"; Rousseau, who had most of these in his "intellectual loins," was nearly as helpless a victim as Jeffries. The nature cult has, indeed, as Whittier saw clearly, undoubted and grave perils—

> Oh, wisdom which is foolishness!
> Why idly seek from outward things
> The answer inward silence brings?

Better still than the silence of solitude, to Whittier at least, is the confraternal silence of the meeting-house,

> For here the habit of the soul
> Feels less the outer world's control;
> The strength of mutual purpose pleads
> More earnestly our common needs;
> And from the silence multiplied
> By these still forms on either side,
> The world that time and sense have known,
> Falls off and leaves us God alone.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

BOOKS

An Argumentative Source Book

Official Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War. By Edmund von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.*

THIS imposing volume bespeaks consideration because it is intended for those students of the causes of the European war who are "not . . . partisans but . . . scholars and intelligent readers." By such canon we attempt to make judgment. It contains all the important documents which were issued at first, though not some of the later collections, like the Italian Green Book or the second Belgian Gray Book, and it is so well arranged and so furnished with apparatus which might be of assistance that for those who desire to make careful examination of the subject it would seem at first glance to be the best thing which has so far been issued. The documents given out by the Austrian, Belgian, French, German, British, Russian, and Servian Governments are in alphabetical order throughout, printed chronologically, so far as that is possible, under date of the days when they were issued. "This enables the student to see at a glance the state of the diplomatic activities in the various European capitals on any one day," says the editor. We believe that this arrangement does facilitate investigation; but there is no easy path to comprehending these documents, and their very number and complexity makes unavoidable onerous labor

*Since this review was written it has been announced that the Macmillan Co. has temporarily withdrawn Mr. von Mach's book from publication, pending an examination of it by an expert.—[ED. THE NATION.

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and a great deal of cross referring. Best of all, we think, is the happy device of printing as appendix, which equals in bulk the preceding part of the volume, the various Books reproduced in photographic facsimile from the originals issued by authority. From the chronological rearrangement of the dispatches one may easily turn to the English, French, or German in its proper place in the collection of which it forms part.

In addition to what the editor considers proofs of certain contentions, "a great amount of additional information . . . which he thought might be helpful to other students is also given in the footnotes." To this annotation obviously considerable effort has been devoted. There is much attempt at internal criticism to ascertain whether documents were written on the dates which accompany them; there is praiseworthy effort to explain allusions to other dispatches in which the documents abound; there is some supplementary information which occasionally has a slight value; and there is in addition much of the editor's own argument and idea. This commentary gives to the work its particular character. For the Germanist advocate, the partisan, and the propagandist it will be an unfailing treasure and delight. While some of the contentions are well made and worth making, many are but snares and pitfalls for the unwary. If we judge correctly, these notes make up the most vicious, because seemingly the ablest and most laborious, work which one party to the controversy has thus far produced in apology and defence.

The danger is increased by specious scholarship and apparent fairness which are made to pervade the book. The editor disclaims further motive than making less arduous the studies of others, and stimulating them to search for the truth themselves. He will find his greatest reward, he declares, in the agreement of scholars that he has prepared a trustworthy source-book and labored without any prejudice. We can only say that, while in such times as the present, scholars do not greatly object to partisanship and prejudice, if these things are evident and openly avowed, annoyance is great when they parade under guise of disinterested learning and critical acumen.

The editor says in the introduction that the British Blue Book won favor especially because of inherent worth, and because the dispatches are well written and numerous enough to tell a consecutive story; that the German White Book contains few dispatches and can be convincing only if one has confidence in the honesty of its author. Afterwards he has to say about the latter merely that "the German Foreign Office is not in the habit of issuing collected diplomatic papers on given subjects. . . . There are therefore comparatively few German dispatches published" (p. 59). When he has rightly observed that the British papers are not complete—though he has just as properly praised them because they are so numerous—and do not afford final authority, he never ceases to declare that more should have been given in the British, French, and Russian collections, and that something in the one has not been given in the other, until cumulative suspicion is aroused that matters are sadly at fault. But there is little of this critical care and not much minute examination given to documents unfavorable to the Teutonic Powers. Bethmann-Hollweg's instruction to von Tschirschky, July 29, upon the importance of which Germans have rightly insisted, is printed in one of the longest notes in the volume, with no word of explanation or conjecture as to why it was published solely, and in mysterious fashion, in one English newspaper, and thereafter not given out until the Chancellor brought it before the Reichstag a year later. The so-called "Brussels Documents" are frequently mentioned, and the reader is reminded of them, but they are printed practically without comment, and only through allusions elsewhere are we left to infer that in the editor's mind they make good the German contention. From time to time his efforts have seemed to us like the persistent pecking of a mischievous bird, and the Teutonic documents shine in purity, because, even if he would, there is so little for him to peck at, and also because there is very little in them which he is willing to attack.

Of the apparent judicial there is a great deal, but of actual impartiality we have not discovered very much. "The reader must decide for himself whether or not to give credence to this statement by Mr. von Jagow" (p. 39), he says, with reference to the great man's assertion of complete ignorance about the contents of the Austrian note. Similar formulas occur not seldom. When the Germans invade Belgium because their army "could not be exposed to French attack across Belgium, which was planned according to absolutely unimpeachable information," and the editor merely remarks that "Germany has not published this information" (p. 438), we are tempted to make marginal supplement: "Let reader decide whether Germany has any such information to publish." But presently one wishes that the commentator had in such places given his thought, on finding that opinions are constantly suggested as to the veracity of the diplomats of the Entente.

Of errors large and direct we believe there are few, but so many misstatements occur, and improper deductions resulting from either incapacity or bias, that we end our perusal with respect for some little and profound distrust of the remainder. There are all sorts of inconsequential remarks, some at first seeming recondite or acute, afterwards trivial or absurd. Everywhere there is tacit assumption that the Germanic Powers were right in what they did, and deductions are quietly derived from this premise. After Austria had declared war upon Servia because her portentous note was not instantly and completely accepted, he is able to say of the negotiations following: "Austria-Hungary's concessions were her promise not to annex any Servian territory and not to touch the sovereignty of Servia. . . . It nowhere appears that Russia offered any concessions." And he feels justified in continuing: "The different courses pursued by the respective countries were due to the different attitudes assumed by their allies. Germany exerted a constant pressure in Vienna, while England and France refused to take any steps in Petrograd" (p. 322)—one of those dangerous resultants from half-truth and omission which are so much worse than falsification direct. When Sir Edward Grey says: "My own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately," Mr. von Mach has space only for this annotation: "Such a promise at this time would seem to be unthinkable unless Germany heretofore could not have been assured that 'no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her'" (p. 335).

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If we understand him, the editor's principal conclusions are that Russia's mobilization was the immediate cause of the war; that all the actions of the Teutonic allies were justified; that the Entente Powers acted together from the first—and we feel that it seems to him less natural that this should be than that Austria and Germany should have stood together—that they were willing to go to war, and readily expressed this determination to one another; that Vienna made no demand which was not just; that Berlin worked loyally to preserve peace; and that Grey's plan for mediation between Austria and Russia was at the instance of France abandoned for the plan of mediation between Austria and Servia. He repeats by all manner of suggestion and implication that Germany did no wrong in invading Belgium—he doubts whether Germany was bound by treaty to respect Belgian neutrality; he doubts whether any Power intended to respect it; he suggests that it would have been impossible for some Power not to violate it; he doubts whether the Belgians had any longer a neutrality to be respected. More clearly than that which he set out to do, and, in spite of himself, the editor's work demonstrates, in our opinion, how good the case of England and France must have been in these critical days. And well must it have been presented if under examination like this it suffers so little.

Some Recent Short Stories

The Turtles of Tasman. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Eternal Feminine. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Local Color. By Irvin Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Xingu. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE collection of tales which was issued almost at the moment of Jack London's death so well represents him that it might form a fair basis for estimate of his strength and his weakness on the part of one who had read nothing else of his work. His pseudo-socialism is not expressed here, but the rest of him is. Here, above all, is that exultation in youth, strength, red blood, maleness, which has sometimes seemed the beginning and the end of the authentic London. "The Turtles of Tasman" is the rather wistful utterance of this creed by one who feels that time is flying. "The Prodigal Father" is a new rendering of the familiar theme of the middle-aged one who has been staid and bound all his years, and suddenly breaks away to taste the meaning of real freedom: this father does not live to regret it. In "The Turtles of Tasman" the contrast is expressed in the persons of two brothers, one of whom has stayed on the job and scored a conventional success, while the other has made a success of enjoying life at the cost of everything else. The adventurer's daughter is worthy of him (she is as unreal as most of London's women), and from her lips falls as clear an utterance of this writer's creed and practice as can be found anywhere. Her uncle as usual has been bragging fatuously of his discretion and his business achievements: "Look at that hand," he says. "Steady, eh? It will be as steady twenty years from now. There is nothing in playing fast and loose with one's self." "You can write 'Honourable' before your name," Polly retorts. "But my father has been a king. He has lived. Have you lived? What have you got to show for it? Stocks and bonds, and houses and servants—pouf! Heart and arteries and a steady hand—is that all? Have you lived merely to live? Were you afraid to die? I'd rather sing one wild song and burst my heart with it, than live a thousand years watching my digestion and being afraid of the wet. When you are dust, my father will be ashes. That is the difference." But, alas, that Polly's author, like her father, should have already begun to be "a long time dead!" "The Eternity of Forms" and "Told in the Drooling Ward" are equally characteristic studies in the "psychology" of a murderer and a defective. "The Hobo and the Fairy" is a bit of sentiment, "The End of the Story" a sex-melodrama, centring in a woman-figure of total unreality.

Femaleness (not to use the word offensively) is as characteristic a preoccupation of Mrs. Andrews as maleness was of London; and the fact is cheerfully admitted in the title of her present collection of stories. One of the stories, "Her Fling," gives a feminine and sentimental rendering of the theme of London's "The Prodigal Father." The middle-aged wife, whose strength has been taken and whose charm has been obscured by her duties as wife and mother, but who musters strength for a belated clutch at youthful joy, has been frequently "handled" in recent fiction: sometimes pretty riskily, as, for example, in Mr. W. L. George's "The Second Blooming." Mrs. Andrews can do nothing riskily, and her heroine's fling is in the blameless, if slightly silly, direction of fine clothes, dancing, and the adoration of young men. In the upshot her prig of a daughter is properly humbled and her husband re-won to loverlike devotion. Sentiment is overt in these pages, and does not always ring true. Indeed, there is not one of these stories which has its being without patent artifice, not one which seems to have written itself. There is always an effect plainly striven for and more or less gained at the expense of, or without the aid of, sound characterization and construction. That, in spite of her femininity, the writer is sufficiently modern to be a feminist, is shown by her tale of the British suffragists who fabulously apply their means and their zeal to service as nurses on the western front during the great war, and after its conclusion are idolized and suitably rewarded.

"Local Color," with its ten short stories, shows another popular practitioner in the act of being as adroit and amusing as ever. Mr. Cobb tells his tales always with an air of good-humored enjoyment. His performance seems as effortless as the turn of your successful vaudeville comedian. And his sentiment is as ready and as hearty as his humor. Above all, he has the instinct of the story-teller, as well as his bag of tricks. The title story, of a writer who deliberately got himself sent to Sing Sing for the sake of the local color, and came out hopelessly a criminal, is a very vivid bit of narrative—a Jack London theme, one may say, treated with restraint, dryly and barely and all the more effectively for its lack of emphasis. Other stories are sentimental—"Field of Honor," a study of that lesser battlefield to which women are condemned by war, and "The Great Auk," a striking story of the last phase of a derelict actor; but comedy on one plane or another gives substance to the book as a whole. There are a baseball story, a gold-brick story, a detective story, a newspaper story, a movie story (involving a Mr. Pilkins, again the middle-aged person who takes his astonishing

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fling at life): pretty much the whole gamut of popular themes is run, not even omitting love. Mr. Cobb has no distinction of style—would probably roar, with his editor, at the notion of such a thing. The talking style—what Mr. William Watson has just named the "loquitive" style—is the style most in demand at the moment, and Mr. Cobb gives an effective rendering (which means a great deal of heightening and pointing up) of the vernacular.

Mrs. Wharton, on the other hand, is perhaps our most popular practitioner of the lettered style, the "scriptive" style which Mr. Watson has been interested to defend. "Mrs. Lidgate, as the huge menacing mass of New York defined itself far off across the waters, shrank back into her corner of the deck and sat listening with a kind of unreasoning terror to the steady onward drive of the screws." So, with the familiar cadences, begins the story called "Autres Temps"—a story of times and manners in the world of good society. Mrs. Lidgate returns after many years abroad, to visit a daughter who has followed her own example by getting a divorce for the purpose of remarriage. She herself has suffered, and she shrinks from the spectacle of her daughter's suffering. But she finds conditions changed—totally changed, as it seems at first. Her daughter has no social penalty to pay, is in full tide of success and happiness. The odd turn of events is the continued rejection of Mrs. Lidgate herself, who, it appears, has been judged and put aside once for all by her own generation. "The Long Run" and "The Choice" are of similar theme and atmosphere. "Kerfol" and "The Triumph of Night" are ghost stories of rather different kinds. "Bunner Sisters," a "novelette" in length, has, despite its New York setting, a something of the grim simplicity of "Enoch Frome"; but its manner and matter are still of strongly "literary" savor, the style is markedly scriptive and apart from the vernacular. "Coming Home," on the other hand, is, as told by one of the characters, quite successfully loquitive. The most surprising number upon this varied programme, however, is that which affords a title for the collection. In the telling of "Xingu" there is hardly a trace of the Mrs. Wharton with whom we are familiar. It is a delightful and fairly exuberant piece of humor—satirical humor, to be sure, with its absurd Lunch Club of Hillbridge, in which the foibles of all women's clubs are so neatly embodied. With its truth and its fun and its most amusing dialogue, it is a very jewel of a story to read aloud.

An English Interpretation of Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln. By Lord Charnwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

TWO facts it is well to bear in mind in reading Lord Charnwood's book; first, that it makes no pretence of presenting freshly discovered material, and, secondly, that it is an Englishman's interpretation of Lincoln, addressed not to Americans, but to other Englishmen. These considerations will account for the retelling of several stories which the reader may recognize as old friends, and for occasional lapses into a redundancy of explanation. The special value of the work lies in its perspective view of a great subject which would be hard, if not impossible, for an American to obtain; for, even after a half-century's separation from Lincoln as a contemporary partaker in our affairs, sympathetic influences are likely still to disturb our sense of comparative values. Lord Charnwood has given us here not only the portrait, but the philosophy, of the greatest of Americans. In his view Lincoln belongs not to one nation and one period, but to the world and to all time; the history, not of the United States alone, but of the human race, converged upon him living, and has radiated from him since he passed from our sight. This does not mean that the book before us is a mere glorification of its subject. On the contrary, its purpose seems to be to set forth quite as faithfully the narrow, even sordid, conditions which left their mark upon Lincoln's conduct, as the grand ideals which illumined the larger part of his career. A typical instance is its treatment of his offer to contribute a hundred dollars towards the expenses of an impecunious Kansan as a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1860, and his subsequent appointment of the same man to a lucrative Federal office. Whether in itself important or not, the case exhibits Lincoln as a working politician of his day, not waiting, like Cincinnatus, to be summoned from his private occupation to the service of the state, but unblushingly throwing out his signals of desire. Lincoln, says our author—

> hungry now for some success in his own unrewarded career, was tempted to a small manœuvre by which he might pick up a little support; he was at the same time tempted no less to act generously (according to his means) towards a man who, he readily believed, had made sacrifices like his own. He was not the man to stand against this double temptation. . . . Lincoln's strength was a slow strength, shown most in matters in which elementary principles of right or the concentration of intense thought guided him. Where minor and more subtle principles of conduct should have come in, on questions which had not come within the range of his reflection so far, and to which, amid his heavy duties, he could not spare much cogitation, he would not always show acute perception, and, which is far worse, he would often show weakness of will. . . . It is certain that he did not clearly take account of the whole business of corruption and jobbery as a hideous and growing peril to America. It is certain, too, that he lacked the delicate perception of propriety in such matters, or the strict resolution of adhering to it on small occasions, which might have been possessed by a far less honest man.

To many Englishmen heredity counts for so much that one turns instinctively to Lord Charnwood's sketch, in his opening chapter, of the family from which Lincoln sprang. It is brief but satisfying, and is centred chiefly upon a single generation. Abraham's father, Thomas Lincoln, though descended from some pretty fair pioneer stock, was himself an ineffective creature, who had a great liking for stories, but was never able to get more than a slippery foothold on life, and who moved his habitation from time to time, "always toward a supposed better farm further west, always with a mortgage on him." His mother, Nancy Hanks, "was, he said, an illegitimate daughter of a Virginia gentleman whose name he did not know, but from whom, as he guessed, the peculiar gifts of which he could not fail to be conscious were derived."

As the liberator who struck the shackles from three million slaves, Lincoln's approach to this climax is described with considerable particularity. His opposition to slavery as an institution was freely expounded in the earliest political campaigns in which he took part; but the notion he cherished for many years, that the way to get rid of the evil was through the ethical education of the people of the South—because that would not trench upon the rights reserved to their States by the Constitution—his general dis-

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couragement of the Abolition agitation, and his relegation of John Brown to the same category with Orsini and other fanatical assassins, draw forth some comments more or less severe. Full credit is given, nevertheless, to the wisdom of his use of the Emancipation Proclamation as a crucial military measure, thus balming the resentment of the more radical reformers aroused by his long exercise of patience, and accomplishing by a single stroke the double end of freeing a helpless people and crippling a ruinous rebellion. And it is interesting to recall, as an evidence of Lincoln's prophetic vision, his urging upon the more intelligent negroes of a colonization scheme for the relief of the freedmen, because their race, "suffering the greatest wrong ever inflicted on any people," would "yet be far removed from being on an equality with the white race" when they ceased to be slaves; and because a "physical difference broader than exists between any other two races, and constituting a great disadvantage to us both," would always set a "ban" upon the negroes even where they were best treated in America. "This unpalatable fact," says the author, "he put before them with that total absence of pretence which was probably the only possible form of tact in such a discussion, with no affectation of a hope that progress would remove it, or of a desire that the ordinary white man should lose the instinct that kept him apart from the black."

In his consideration of the relations between Great Britain and the United States during our Civil War, Lord Charnwood goes back to the beginning of things in this country, and traces briefly the story of British colonization, of the American struggle for independence, and of the War of 1812, with their persistent echoes ringing through our literature and legislation, because all these were to a greater or less degree contributory to, and explanatory of, the international situation in the '60's. He balances very sanely, and in the main with a keen sense of justice, the two sides of the traditional difference that had caused "an irritation which an Englishman must see to have been natural but can hardly think to have been warranted by the real facts." He shows no disposition to ignore or minimize the lack of sympathy with the Union cause manifested by the British Government, but explains it as not essentially unfriendly in intent; the English theory being that, as the separation between North and South was sure to come anyway, foreign recognition of the Confederacy would tend to bring the war to a speedier end, and thus operate to the ultimate advantage of the whole American people. This gave Lincoln his one considerable opportunity to demonstrate his faculty for diplomacy. Seward had prepared a dispatch warning the British Government what the Government of the United States would not stand; but Lincoln would not consent to its going upon the cable till modified in tone by his own pen, so as to leave it a firm but courteous presentation of the matter; and even in this form he wisely left the final handling of it to the discretion of the American Minister in London, and a threatened rupture between the two nations was thus happily averted.

In the management of the Trent affair Lincoln appears in a less admirable light. Here it was Seward who from the first saw surrender as the only logical and creditable way out, and he and Attorney-General Bates had to bring the whole Cabinet, as well as the President, around to their way of looking at it. Lincoln favored temporizing with the excited state of popular sentiment in this country by a proposal to arbitrate. He appears to have realized that Seward's position was right, but distrusted his own judgment in view of the heat of public feeling. Yet most writers who have dealt with this affair credit Lincoln with having taken the correct stand at the start and forced Seward into compliance; and some of his own later utterances lend color to that theory.

Among prominent Englishmen individually, as distinguished from the Government, there was a wide disparity of opinion regarding our war, its merits, and its presumable outcome. "It is impossible," says Lord Charnwood, "not to be ashamed of some of the forms in which English feeling showed itself." Lord Salisbury was kindly inclined towards the South because it was so good a customer; Cobden, because as a section it favored free trade. Gladstone, though objecting to slavery on moral grounds, was overcome by the consideration that the Confederacy had evolved an army, a navy, and a national spirit. Dickens manifested only hatred of our whole country. In opposition to these, however, were arrayed such friendly figures as Alfred Tennyson and Charles Darwin, John Bright and John Stuart Mill and the Duke of Argyll; and the British working people, even when threatened with a cotton famine that, by closing the mills in which they were employed, would have meant poverty and suffering for a multitude of them, stood up stanchly as champions of the Union cause.

Lord Charnwood's book is a monument of industry in research, drawing upon substantially every source of information, old and new, and digesting its collection of detail with praiseworthy care. It is bound, on these merits, to take a first rank in the literature of Lincoln, and in many respects may be pronounced the best of the biographies yet produced.

The Law of Public Service

A Selection of Cases Under the Interstate Commerce Act. Edited by Felix Frankfurter. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

THE law of public service has grown amazingly both in content and in importance during the last few decades. Not many years ago the term was hardly heard, and one looked in vain for any such heading in the legal encyclopædias and digests. Now a complete public-service library reaches very respectable dimensions. Not only are the State and Federal courts, and particularly the Supreme Court of the United States, largely engaged in the solution of public-service problems, but the Interstate Commerce Commission and the ever-increasing number of State public utilities commissions are devoting themselves exclusively to public-service questions, and the text writers also are finding here a new and most interesting field for their endeavors. And yet, curiously enough, the idea of public service is not really new. The yearbooks and early English reports contain conclusive evidence that a rule of public service was recognized in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries which would now be considered extremely radical, namely, that every one engaged in any business was in that business bound to serve all, and serve for reasonable hire; while in the early statute-books are many examples of drastic regulations of the prices of service and

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of commodities. However, with the vast increase of trade and the rise of the philosophy of individualism, such legislation gradually decreased, and even the previously recognized common-law obligations resting upon those engaged in business failed for the most part to be enforced, and, therefore, were gradually forgotten, except in the cases of the innkeeper and common carrier.

So matters stood when in the latter half of the nineteenth century the United States entered upon a new economic era—the era of the great development of public-utility businesses, fostered by the grant of the governmental power of eminent domain and the era of vast business combinations. Such developments gave great opportunities for the oppression of the public through unreasonable rates and discriminatory service, and immediately called for adequate machinery for the public's protection. Considerable relief was found in the doctrine, consistently applied by the courts, that the grant of the power of eminent domain by the state constitutes a contract between the state and the grantee, by the implied terms of which the grantee agrees to use the franchise for the benefit of the public, from which it follows that he must serve the public reasonably, and is liable to an action for damages if he does not do so. This relief was supplemented by State legislation, regulative of rates, justified under the police power of the State to protect its citizens from oppression. But such relief was at best only partial with regard to great businesses and systems of transportation which in their scope transcend the limits of a single State. To protect the public fully from oppression by such agencies, Federal legislation was necessary, and the statutes passed to meet this need which are most far-reaching are the Sherman Anti-Trust act and the Interstate Commerce act.

The law schools of the country have of recent years given an increasingly large place in their curricula to the law of public service in its various phases, but Professor Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, is the first one to propose that a separate course be devoted exclusively to the Interstate Commerce act, having compiled a volume of selected cases for use in such a course. It is obvious to the reader that this collection is the product of a careful study of the large mass of cases decided under the act by the Interstate Commerce Commission, by the lower Federal courts, and by the Supreme Court of the United States, with particular attention paid to the recent decisions of the last tribunal. The result is a book which Professor Frankfurter can undoubtedly use as the basis of a very interesting and instructive course; and yet it seems doubtful if the book is likely to be adopted generally by other law schools. The objection which it is believed will be generally controlling is that the subject-matter of the book covers too narrow a field, and that the essential features of the law under the act are, or may be, covered in courses already established. The curricula of our law schools are already sufficiently crowded so that a new course must be shown to fill an obvious gap before it is likely to be generally introduced. In view of the time already devoted in our law schools to courses on the law of public service, and particularly on the law of common carriers, in which there will always be found ample opportunity for discussion of the main features of the Interstate Commerce act, there does not seem to us to be left any very serious gap to be filled by this new case book.

Notes

THE Century Company announces for early publication "My Twenty Thousand Partners," by Charles M. Schwab.

"Wildfire," by Zane Grey, which will appear on January 12, will be the first novel of the year published by Harper & Brothers.

The Yale University Press announces that it has undertaken the publication of a new edition of Shakespeare's works, entitled "The Yale Shakespeare," for use especially in schools and colleges. The series will be complete in forty volumes and will be edited under the general direction of the English Department of Yale University. The first four volumes, "Much Ado About Nothing," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry IV, Part I," and "Hamlet," are to be published next autumn.

The following volumes are announced for publication in January by George H. Doran Company: "At the War," by Lord Northcliffe; "The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1914," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "A Woman and the War," by the Countess of Warwick; "The Japanese Conquest of American Opinion," by Montaville Flowers; "Leadership of the New America," by Archibald McClure; "The White Road to Verdun," by Kathleen Burke; "Prayer in War-Time," by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll; "Security," by Ivor Brown; "An Oral French Method," by Alice Blum, and "The Boys' Book of Sailing and Canoeing," by Warren H. Miller.

ADMIRERS of the earlier style of Henry James will be grateful to Houghton Mifflin for the handsome edition of "The Portrait of a Lady" just issued in two volumes at $2.50 net. It is safe to say that no group of personages was more congenial to the late author. Centred in culture so refined as to be slightly exotic, the story offers a chance for the delicate contrasts which were his forte. Of all the characters represented only Caspar Goodwood, the downright American untouched by the spell of Europe, and Henrietta Stackpole, the champion of aggressive patriotism, belong to that more robust sphere which is the province of the usual novelist; and they in no way destroy the impression of actuality created by the others when seen by themselves. If Isabel Archer and Ralph Touchett are furnished with numerous situations from which to emerge distinct, the parents of Ralph, though in the background, also attain an amazing reality. Not many readers, it is true, would care to dwell long upon the careers of these transplanted Americans, after seeing them clearly depicted. But Henry James, himself so long an alien in England, discovered in such outwardly aimless lives surprising depths and shadows—concerning which few will readily doubt his authority.

SO genial a picture as that drawn in Miss Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's "French Perspectives" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) could have come only from a gifted understanding. Although the sketches are informal and have a slight fictional thread, no one will fail to see in them the reflection of actual France. Without any particular system Miss Sergeant gives you glimpses of a Paris sanitarium, a bourgeois family in the outskirts of the city, a young milliner, a patient old woman living contentedly on

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the three hundred francs a year she earned by making artificial flowers, Achille the "literary bookseller," the curé of a country parish, and a few other like figures. From the picture emerge in some fashion a regimen and rationale. And it is true that the understanding eye which merely follows monsieur and madame and their children on their Sunday outing to a country inn overlooking the Seine may see into the soul of France. The book will well serve Americans who in brief visits have felt the solid warmth of the French while supposing them frivolous and, as it was the fashion to think once, degenerate. It is of course middle-class France which Miss Sergeant sketches, but from the ideas of this class the French of whatever station can never quite break loose. They, as the war has made clear, are the "douce France" upon which the entire nation has gladly relied in time of stress, and much more in time of peace than is usually suspected.

DOSTOEVSKY'S genius as an analyst of certain types of characters has led repeated critics to overestimate the value of his ideas and intuitions—of the philosophy that may be extracted or extorted from his works. Of such writers none has gone further than Mr. J. Middleton Murry, who in his preface to his "Fyodor Dostoevsky, a Critical Study" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net), roundly asserts: "Dostoevsky is a phenomenon which has lately burst upon our astonished minds, one towards which an attitude must be determined quickly, almost at the peril of our souls." Hence one is not surprised to find his book filled with passages like the following:

> His [Dostoevsky's] world is a world of symbols and potentialities which are embodied in unlivable lives; for the art and the creative activity which was the only way of escape from the unendurable torments of his mind, had perforce to be commensurate with the doubts which were the cause of the torments. Therefore his art was metaphysical, which no art can be. He struggled to express conceptions which were truly inexpressible, for which he had need not only of a new art, but of a new philosophy. In part he created both these things; he was at least "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come," and he strove to communicate his visions by the instrument of a language and thought that could hardly contain them (p. 200).

Mr. Murry does not read Russian and has—or at least exhibits—small knowledge of Russian literature or of the very definite school of thought, the Slavophil, to which Dostoevsky belonged; he treats his author as a being apart from all external conditions, and rejects the obvious tendencies in his works, in favor of interpretations that are nothing less than whimsical. "People who will believe that Dostoevsky was purified by his suffering or that he believed in such purification," he tells us (p. 68), "will believe anything. They will believe that Dostoevsky was a Slavophil or that he believed in the Christian God." To serve his own purposes, Mr. Murry terms Svidrigailov the real hero of "Crime and Punishment," and remarks that "the story in which Sonia has her part is of but little importance" in the novel. His own leading notion is most clearly expressed in the following sentences:

> A story of some kind is necessary to the novelist, and Dostoevsky needed one to work upon, since he used the novel form; but in a deeper sense, Dostoevsky was not a novelist at all. The novelist accepts life and takes for granted the great process of becoming, of evolution and growth. His mind is, as it were, bathed in the sense of time and succession. Dostoevsky did not accept life; in him there is no sense of evolution and slow growth. His mind is timeless, and his antagonists are not so much men and women as disembodied spirits who have for the moment put on mortality. But their mortal occupations and their earthly history are in reality no more than a device for bringing them into the compass of the artistic form which happened to prevail in his century. As Dostoevsky's art developed and his thought went deeper and ranged farther, we must be prepared to discern in them more and more clearly symbolic figures (pp. 126, 127).

In this flamboyant passage there is some degree of truth and insight. Despite all its exaggeration, it singles out certain characteristics of Dostoevsky's literary methods that grow constantly more marked, until they reach their climax in "The Brothers Karamazov." In fine, one may say that this volume resembles rational criticism much as Dostoevsky's heroes resemble average humanity.

THE Lowell Lectures for 1914 were given by Prof. Dayton Miller and are now published by Macmillan ($2.50 net) with the title of "The Science of Musical Sounds." There is to-day no greater authority on the relations between music and acoustics than Professor Miller. The apparatus which he has devised is most ingenious and exact, and his persistence in analyzing the most complex sounds has rewarded him with important discoveries in this field. While he has often given his results to learned societies, this is his first popular exposition of the subject. As a result, this book should appeal strongly to the man of science, the amateur, and the musician. The first portion contains a clear and untechnical statement of the properties of acoustical vibrations and their measuring apparatus. The latter part is concerned with analyzing and synthetizing tones. The two most important pieces of apparatus are the work of the author himself. He has gradually constructed a remarkably sensitive and complex analyzer and synthetizer of complex tones; and his phonodeik, which reproduces tones photographically, is a triumph of design and mechanical skill. These chapters contain many interesting records of tones of various musical instruments which the author has reproduced, and he thus shows how the simple tones combine to produce any given characteristic note.

THE "Memoirs of a Physician" (Knopf; $1.50 net), by Vikenty Veressayev, is an intimate account of the cogitation of a conscientious physician. As the editor, Henry Pleasants, jr., states in his preface to the book, "Conscience is its keynote. It is the reflection of the conscience of a philosopher who has opened the inner doors of the hiding-places of science and is bewildered by what he has found. . . . One hears the cry of an agonized soul for help to accomplish a task that is beyond its own powers." The limitations of medicine as a science, the weaknesses in the training of the physician, and his helplessness in combating many diseased conditions are discussed in a straightforward manner, but with perhaps more emphasis than are the triumphs of medicine. This, however, is not to be deplored—the author has been severely criticised for his frankness by many physicians—for it is well that the laity should take this knowledge to heart, realize the limitations of medicine, and do its share in the solution of its problems. The writer gives much space to the training of the physician and the problem of vivisection. The anti-vivisectionists will undoubtedly use much of this material to point their favorite moral, but the thoughtful reader will

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go deeper and realize what desperate need there is for properly conducted investigations that may lead to the alleviation of human suffering. The conditions the author describes are naturally those of Russia, but the notes and comments of the editor prevent perplexity on the part of the reader, and link the Russian point of view with that of the medical profession in this country.

THE Audubon and other societies for the protection of wild and domestic animals throughout this country will, together with their growing army of supporters, find delight in the outspoken nature of John Galsworthy's "A Sheaf" (Scribner; $1.50 net). The book is a collection of humanitarian essays and addresses which are already familiar to the author's countrymen, but which should be read by those in this country who know him only by his novels and plays. It is a strange fact that the Anglo-Saxon race, with all its pride and love of horseflesh, should still perpetuate a fashion like docking, against which Mr. Galsworthy quotes the Council of Celchyth, A. D. 785. Among the most primitive races of the world, such as the desert Arabs or the nomads of the Caucasian steppes, or wherever an hippocracy exists, the fashion is strictly tabooed, if indeed it has ever suggested itself. In this country we are only too familiar with the sturdy attitude of our West on this evil. At any rate, we are now on legislative record against aigrette plumes, and it should be a matter of satisfaction and pride to the American trap-shooter to know that practice on machine-flung clay birds develops a quickness and accuracy not to be got by other means. The cruel, unscientific standards obtaining in Europe, where the live pigeon is used, might well merit his scorn and contempt; the reviewer once saw wild green parrots in tethered couples released for this purpose by Europeans in the Orient. It is to be hoped that the customs of enlarging a carted deer and hind hunting will not continue to disgrace the English and French hunting fields. But it is not only with these questions that Mr. Galsworthy is concerned. He here augments his opinions on prison reform in England, where already much has been accomplished by his forceful play, "Justice." The unintelligent and tardy legislation of Parliament, the position of women, since somewhat improved by the conditions of war, and some cogent papers on the war, complete a volume that will provoke interest in all and sundry quarters.

PROFESSOR ANESAKI, of the University of Tokio, who lectured at Harvard during the years 1913-15, has recently published a short book on "Nichiren, the Buddhist Prophet" (Harvard University Press). Nichiren is one of the most prominent figures in the religious history of Japan, and Dr. Anesaki has sought not only to give an account of his life and teachings, but to put them in terms that shall not be too unfamiliar to the Western reader. In this attempt the influence of the author's two years at Harvard is evident; the religious development of his prophet being described in a way plainly suggested by James's "Varieties," while the exposition of Nichiren's philosophy has an unmistakably Roycean flavor. Nichiren himself was certainly an interesting personality. Born in 1222 and educated as a Buddhist monk, he was early converted to the "Tendai" form of Buddhism, which is based almost exclusively on the Saddharma-pundarika-sutra. Thenceforth his life was devoted to violent attacks upon all other forms of Buddhism and persistent attempts to spread his own views of the truth. His unsparing criticism of the more generally accepted doctrines naturally brought him into collision with the Government, and a large part of his life consisted of a series of persecutions, interspersed by missionary journeys, and threatening sermons preached at the very capital. Twice he was exiled, and once condemned to death—being saved from the executioner's axe by what seemed to all a miracle. Though he never converted the rulers of the land he gathered a considerable following and founded a sect which is to-day enjoying a notable revival. Nichiren, moreover, was not only a preacher, but a writer of real power, and Dr. Anesaki has wisely given us many extracts from the "prophet's" essays and letters. These present to us an intense and dominating personality, filled with the conviction of his own mission to the verge of conceit, yet eager to make every personal sacrifice for the spread of his cause, and for what he regarded as the welfare of Japan and of the entire race. As is almost invariably the case with Buddhist thinkers, he seems to the Western reader so bound down by the technical terminology of the doctrine he advocates that he can hardly be called a philosopher. Yet if one abstract from the form in which his thoughts are presented, one will find in his version of Tendai Buddhism much metaphysics that is both suggestive and profound. Professor Anesaki, though not himself a partisan of the Nichirenite revival, has the greatest respect for his teachings. In fact, one of the most valuable things in his book is the Appendix, in which he has discussed at some length the fundamental tenets of Japanese Buddhism concerning reality, and especially those formulated and maintained by the Tendai School.

IN "Forty Years at the Criminal Bar" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Edmund D. Purcell, we have a book slight in substance, but of no little interest. It illustrates in vivid and concrete fashion changes in the English criminal law, in the rules of evidence, in the temper of judges, and in the general attitude towards the delinquent classes. There are a few stories of mysterious crimes, with their fortunes in the courts, personal sketches of well-known magistrates and counsel, studies in the art of cross-examination, and so on. Altogether an entertaining and moderately instructive book.

"SOCIETY'S Misfits," by Madeleine Z. Doty (Century; $1.25 net), is a book of good intentions rather than of altogether well-judged performance. Miss Doty has done good service as an investigator of conditions in prisons and reformatories, especially for women and children. The chief feature of her volume is the record of an experience as "inmate" for a week of the State Prison for women at Auburn. The author undertook this experience in order to get a first-hand knowledge of conditions which she had studied hitherto from the outside. She undertook it in the full expectation of finding things wrong, and she found them wrong. She went to prison also expecting discomfort and a lack of certain luxuries and even decencies. But she seems to have made no effort to put herself in the place of an average normal prisoner. From the first moment of her entrance within prison walls her chief concern is her own shrinking and suffering, as a woman used to all comforts and refinements, from the roughness and coarseness of prison manners and prison fare. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that she appears to coddle her discomfort (to which she had deliberately subjected herself) in the

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name of the real convict, whom she labors for as the abolitionist labored for the slave. The worse she feels, the worse the others may be supposed to feel. She does not like the Bertillon measuring, or the enforced bath, or the prison clothing, and she cannot swallow the prison food. She finds brutality in the matrons and agonizing pathos in the prisoners. At the end of six days she has borne all she can: "My endurance was at an end. I decided not to wait for my message, but to seek relief at once. As the matron left for the night I asked permission to write to the Warden. To my consternation, my request was denied, and I was told that notes could be written only in the workshop in the morning. . . . It required all the will I possessed not to make some desperate move for liberty. . . . Vainly I tried to calm myself. . . ." And so forth. It is all strained, emotional to the verge of hysteria. In such wise the reformer of to-day chronicles, with the encouragement of the popular magazines, his serious investigations. Let us have the truth at all costs, but why cheapen it, when it has been unearthed through our honest labor, by snivelling over it in public? It is significant that the present record has an Introduction by Warden Osborne, in whose hands also a great cause has suffered much from his addiction to a sentimental publicity.

MR. LOUIS HOW has made a new version of Montaigne's "Essay on Friendship"—really the record of his "souueraine & maistresse amitié" with Estienne de la Boetie—and has translated, for the first time, the twenty-nine sonnets by La Boetie which followed the essay in the earliest editions. Prose and verse are published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a beautiful and expensive little volume ($4 net), on Glaslan hand-made paper, with a fine title-page and fine head pieces and initials. In such a book the misprints *piscam* for *piscem*, *miscat* for *miscet*, *amaritiam* for *amaritiem*, are beyond excuse. In the passage from Ariosto, too, the third line should begin either "Ne piu," as Montaigne wrote it, or "Nè più," according to modern practice; not "Ne più," in any case. The translation is good, but falls short of distinction.

THE NATION FOUNDED 1865

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

PUBLISHED AND OWNED BY THE NEW YORK EVENING POST CO.
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, *President.*
JOHN PALMER GAVIT, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
EMIL M. SCHOLZ, *Publisher.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in the United States or Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York, Publication Office, 20 Vesey St.

London Office, 16 Regent Street, S. W.
Washington Office, Home Life Building, G and 15th Sts., N. W.
Chicago, 332 South Michigan Avenue.
Buenos Aires, Lavalle 341.

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The Home-Coming of Bill Bailey

HOW many of us now can remember the comic-opera ballads and songs of a generation past, can recall a single trill or roulade which in common with a million others we were wont to whistle in our blither days? They are fled and faded from our memories. So deeply have we drunk of that Lethe, Time, that a street organ groaning out a favorite of ten years back now touches to vibrance no chord in our breast. Yet the very airs from which yon scrub-visaged Angelo to-day derives his meagre competence once swung with melody for us. Then at every repetition we might see in our inward eye those beauties of the footlights, those dazzling, brazen charmers, who were ready enough with a smile for us young men down front. We might see, and hear, too, for that matter, those radiant creatures warbling for the first time the melody destined to become sweet to our hearts. We knew the tune well enough in those days, I warrant you, and could sing it ourselves, though we professed to no voice.

It is now these many mornings that I have confronted my lathered face in the mirror, with a comic-opera tune upon my lips, and it is of one of these songs that I write, an old favorite of mine, and, while that particular sun was shining, a great favorite with the world. It concerned itself with a gentleman who rejoiced in the rather ordinary name of Bill Bailey, a gentleman whose character was evidently far from high, whose habits left much to be desired, and yet who was earnestly requested daily by millions of innocent folk in this broad land of ours "please to come home." Is there not among the readers of this essay one to whom the name of Bailey is familiar? Is there not one mouth to shape itself into the reiterated appeal of the song's first line:

O-o-oh Bill Bailey! O-o-oh Bill Bailey!

It cannot, surely, be all forgotten? In my ears, at any rate, still rings the pathetic appeal of the last line:

Bill Bailey, won't you *please* come ho-o-ome!

The line brings back to memory the shaving-mirror of my boyhood, and in it the reflection of my face, of an enviable innocence and smoothness. Roses which no lather could cover shone in those cheeks, as I watched with eagerness my beardling's growth, and zestfully operated on the tender fuzz. Bill Bailey may have been my witness, for did I not roar out his name a hundred mornings and adjure him with touching tenderness, while I mimicked grief to the naked young figure in the mirror, please to come home? His name must yet haunt and reverberate about the corners of that bathroom.

But Bill never did come home, and the pleas of a million throats were but the property of air. It was thus that I knew Bill Bailey and did not know him. Though my solace, he was a stranger; my famulus, indeed, yet had I met him in the street walking beside Mrs. Bailey, with Bailey *fils* squalling in the perambulator wheeled by paterfamilias, I must have passed him by without a nod. With the flight of time, Bill Bailey and I drifted apart. The unrewarded reiteration of my appeal began to pall upon me. Becoming convinced that he would never return to his bed and board,

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I ceased altogether to mention the familiar name, and took up with Sweet Rosey O'Grady. Mr. Bailey sank into the green and stagnant lakes of forgetfulness, where on very clear days I would sometimes spy him lying on the bottom, sound asleep.

And then, when it seemed that, like Barbarossa, Bill Bailey was gone to sleep for aye, he rose to the surface and was gazetted to the world as alive. I was first apprised of his recrudescence by an urchin with a dirty face, from whose lips fell these words, supposedly set to music:

When old Bill Bailey
Plays the ukulele.

A wave of memory swept over me. After years of imprecation, cajolement, and prayer, Bill Bailey had come back! Never for a moment did I doubt that it was the same Bill Bailey; did not the applied adjective testify to the passage of years? Why should this not be the very man whom I had so often adjured? If you hear "Annie Laurie" sung of to-morrow, shall you think of her as another from the Annie of your childhood? John Anderson in a Ford is still my Jo, John, and the Miller of the Dee may become a Flour Prince in Milwaukee, yet we shall still know the hale and brave old fellow, who would not change his mealy cap for King Hal's crown. No, this is my Bill Bailey. Let him play upon the ukulele or the tuba or the steam calliope or what you will. To play upon an Hawaiian instrument is no guarantee of Hawaiian birth; by that category we might all be renationalized. I have no patience with a doubting Thomas. Welcome, my good friend, young or old, with or without your strumming ukulele! Bill Bailey has at last come home.

ROBERT CUTLER.

Notes from the Capital

GEORGE EARLE CHAMBERLAIN.

THE author of the proposed legislation to make every American a presumptive soldier is in some respects the most striking figure in the Senate to-day. There are others far more intellectual, and several who are better speakers, judged by the usual standards; and certainly no one would place him, with his *diminuendo* chin, in the front rank for distinction of appearance. But there is an aggressive suggestion in the blunt nose, and a shrewdness in the eyes peering at the world through a pair of well-polished glasses, that redeem the face from anything like commonplaceness. If you did not know who and what he is, you would probably set him down for a business man who had made his way up by his own efforts, from inconsiderable beginnings to a position of responsibility; and his manner of address would tend to confirm this estimate. When, however, you have broached a topic that genuinely interests him, you will discover that he has a fund of information and philosophy such as few men in ordinary business life attain; and I will venture that he can tell you more, and with greater accuracy, of what the rank and file of the people in his part of the country are thinking on the leading issues of the day than almost any other man in Congress. For George Earle Chamberlain is so successful a "mixer" with all classes in the community that he has come to know pretty nearly everybody in the State of Oregon, and is so great a favorite among them that they elect him to any important office which is waiting for an occupant, sometimes without his signifying a desire for it, and quite regardless of the fact that they are, for the most part, Republicans, while he is by ancestry, inclination, and habit, a Democrat and a working politician.

The first thing any Oregonian will tell you, if you ask him for an explanation of this phenomenon, is that Chamberlain is honest; and Oregon has had enough experience with dishonesty in public office to appreciate character above many more shining qualities. Then, too, he has courage. Physically, he had to prove it in the early days of his law practice by pounding the bullying spirit out of an adversary a good deal bigger than himself; morally, he has demonstrated his mettle by refusing to oppose a Republican measure because it is Republican, if it appeals to his common-sense or patriotism. He is quite capable of stepping outside of his party lines, as Cushman Davis, of Minnesota, did twenty-odd years ago, to align himself with a President of adverse politics. Nevertheless, he was strong enough Democrat to plunge into the several Bryan campaigns with apparent enthusiasm, swallowing the free-silver heresy bodily, with the rest of the nostrums the Peerless Leader carried in stock. All this seems the stranger when we remember that it was in a banking enterprise that Chamberlain made his first great impression upon the people of Oregon, and laid the foundation of his reputation as a square-dealer.

A native of Mississippi, whose family had been impoverished by the Civil War, he drifted in 1876 into Oregon as a State that offered more opportunities than some others to a young man who had just finished his law course, and whose worldly means were sadly incommensurate with his energy. Taking up teaching as a temporary pot-boiler, he attracted sufficient attention among his neighbors to obtain a clerical position in one of the county offices, which he held till he had made the personal acquaintance of every man, woman, and child for scores of miles around, and saved enough money to feel justified in hanging out his shingle for himself. With his early earnings at the bar he bought a little stock in a local bank, where, partly because he showed business gumption and partly because he knew so many people, he was made a director. He was outweighed on the Board by the advocates of a less conservative policy than he favored, and with the next advent of hard times the bank closed its doors. At once, all his acquaintances who had become depositors because attracted by his name grew clamorous with their reproaches. Although he was not only blameless for the failure, but had tried his best to dissuade the management from its fatal course, he resolved not to let these unfortunates suffer for their too enthusiastic faith in him; so he assumed personally the payment of what the bank had owed them when it went to pieces, amounting in all to about $30,000. It took him twenty years or more to do this, for he added interest to principal; but long before the last dollar had been paid he was so firmly fixed in the confidence of the people all over the State that no public honor in their gift was regarded as too good for him. Again and again, in his campaigns for the Legislature, for Prosecuting Attorney, and for Governor, he was triumphantly elected, though the Republicans carried everything else. When Oregon adopted the plan of holding a popular primary for the nomination of Senators, as a possible guide to the Legislature in making its choice, nobody else had any chance after Chamberlain was mentioned, and the Legislature, in spite of vigorous efforts to induce it to

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disregard the popular preference, sent him to Washington with flying colors.

Chamberlain is a man of resolution, who does his work not surreptitiously, but with so little display that he has the Senate half-committed to his views before the general public are fully aware that he is alive to what is going on. Among those who are most familiar with his methods, it will be a matter of real surprise if he fails to bring Congress into line for his universal preparation scheme, possibly modified in a few unessential details, but substantially as he framed it. TATTLER.

Reviews of Plays

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA."

We would not spoil the pleasure of any of our readers who may contemplate seeing Sir James Barrie's latest delightful fantasy at the Empire Theatre by attempting a prosaic synopsis of the piece. The theme is more or less expressed in the title. It is only necessary to add that it is a half-fairy tale of a poor little household drudge who dreams that the adventures of Cinderella may be hers, the second act showing—a charming fancy—the court ball as pictured in Cinderella's dream, while the concluding act reveals the manner in which the story of Cinderella still may come true. It is a fancy thin as air, so tenuous a little thing that at the end one wonders how in æther it has contrived to hang together, and yet is conscious that not only has it so hung, like some frosted cobweb, but that the effect is altogether charming. Only the whimsical fancy of Barrie could take quite this turn with this effect, but in creating the effect it is right to acknowledge that Barrie is heavily in debt to the collaboration of Miss Maude Adams. Others of Barrie's characters it is possible to imagine more effectively interpreted than by Miss Adams; even in "Peter Pan," in which she excels, the indebtedness is on the side of the actress, for "Peter Pan" stands alone, independent—so far as a dramatic work can be independent—of interpretation. But the present piece is so slight and delicate a thing that no interpretation falling short of perfect sympathy and understanding could properly display it. The frosted cobweb awaits the touch of the sunbeam to leap into beauty. In paying tribute to Miss Adams's performance of the little Cinderella maiden we note with pleasure that in this rôle she has put away from her the various mannerisms which were in danger of becoming a serious detriment to her art. Norman Trevor, in the leading masculine rôle, has also caught most happily the spirit of the play. Morton Selton and David Torrence do good work in inconspicuous parts. S. W.

"SHIRLEY KAYE."

Miss Elsie Ferguson, who came into special prominence through her acting in "Outcast," has not since then found a play entirely suited to her talents. We suspect that "Outcast" proved in her case too quick a road to fame, and that what Miss Ferguson most needs is training of a rudimentary nature. She takes particularly hard, for instance, the usual drawing-room scene in which almost any member of a well-drilled stock company could in other days perform acceptably. Unfortunately, the drawing-room is much in evidence in the play under review. It is not until she is furnished, in the last act, with a romantic, unconventional scene, that her self-conscious representation of a cultured aristocrat is replaced by her native charm. It would be a pity if Miss Ferguson through too great ambition were to stultify permanently the talent which she undoubtedly possesses.

The play itself, which is from the pen of Hulbert Footner, requires no particular mention in these columns. It is amateurishly contrived, and deals in the now somewhat outworn figures of captains of industry. Yet the love interest is such that the audience at the Hudson Theatre keeps up heart to the end. F.

AMONG the plays that have recently been put into book form is the "My Lady's Dress" (Doubleday, Page; 75 cents net) of Edward Knoblock. This piece was acted with substantial success in New York and in London, and has literary qualities which entitle it to the more permanent record of type, but a perusal of it confirms the opinion that it is more theatrically ingenious than dramatically valuable. In a preface Frank Chouteau Brown lays stress upon the fact that it was not produced here in strict accordance with the author's design, which required the dream scenes to be played on a back stage, as insets to the picture provided in the prologue and epilogue. But that is not a matter of much importance. The setting adopted did no appreciable harm to the representation, of which the main object—to provide the two principal performers with opportunities for a display of versatility—was effectually obtained. The dream scenes constitute an effective series of diverse sketches, individually very well done, but having little actual connection with the main dramatic theme—the cost, in life and suffering, of the manufacture of the dress. They are little studies of character, rather than of conditions, and might have been multiplied indefinitely. Thus the piece is lacking in the logical coherence essential to good drama. Manifestly a string of disconnected episodes is more easily composed than a succession of interrelated acts. The work cannot be reckoned among Mr. Knoblock's best achievements, but it shows a lively power of invention, dexterity of workmanship, literary facility, and veracious characterization. The dialogue, if not particularly distinguished, is smooth, compact, and expressive, and nicely varied to suit the speaker and the situation. It is the feature of the plan that best proves the author's artistic discernment and ability.

PLAYS about Shakespeare were to be expected in the tercentenary year. Two of them which have lately been put into print are not without merit. The first, "Master Skylark" (Century; $1 net), is an adaptation by Edgar White Burrill, from the story of the same name by John Bennett, which was published twenty years ago, and has been widely praised for its successful suggestion of an Elizabethan atmosphere. Of this there is a distinct flavor in the play, which suffers, however, by the necessary omission of the descriptive passages, which helped to confer illusion upon the narrative. Robbed of its context, the dialogue, for all its literal quotations, does not always give convincing assurance of antiquity. But, on the whole, the imitation of sixteenth-century English is distinctly creditable. The general course and incidents of the story are faithfully preserved. Dramatically it is not very valuable, or practical, but it is a lively romantic tale, with melodramatic

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interludes, and makes pleasant reading, although it would probably prove crude and bald in action. There are color and vitality in the sketch of the reckless, swaggering, warm-hearted actor and gamester, Gaston Carew, but not much imagination in the portrayals of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, or Queen Elizabeth, lay figures who do or say very little to justify their reputations. Such famous names are dangerous material to play with. The treatment of the subordinate characters is much more happy, and the country scenes have in them something of the sturdiness, freedom, and simplicity which are supposed to have marked the spacious days of good Queen Bess.

"REVERIES Over Childhood and Youth" (Macmillan; $2 net), by William Butler Yeats, is an interesting but somewhat disappointing volume. It contains much that is trivial or irrelevant, and is flung together with a careless disregard of sequence or cohesion. But it shows that, in his infancy and early youth, Yeats was reared in a social and natural environment eminently qualified to encourage poetic fancy and mythical speculation. He seems to have been a queer, brooding child, melancholy without cause —for he fared well and was kindly treated—so sensitive as to be oppressed by conviction of direful sin, and praying for death while fearing to die. He used to hear voices, which he guessed to be those of conscience, and, at one time, thought that his grandfather, William Pollexfen—a masterful old shipmaster, of whom he gives a delightful sketch—was a visible embodiment of God. Secretly he prayed to him. Later, like a poor Indian, he saw God in clouds and heard him in the winds. To the ordinary joys of boyhood he seems to have been indifferent, though he was the owner of a pony, boats, and dogs. His passion was for wandering in the country, listening to the legends and fairy stories told to him by servants and the peasantry. Difficult to teach, he was suspected of being deficient in natural faculty. From his mother he inherited an intense devotion to Ireland, and, especially, to his native Sligo. Of his clever, eccentric, skeptical father—John Butler Yeats, the artist—he was fond but afraid. His education was, apparently, of the most haphazard kind. He read fiction greedily, both prose and verse, and even browsed upon encyclopædias, but, his memory being treacherous, forgot what he had learned. His father, occasionally, would recite favorite passages, and insist upon the paramount value of the dramatic form. In the various schools which he attended he had troublous times, with boys and uncongenial instructors. As he grew old he began to mix with artists, and he gives some interesting sketches of the pre-Raphaelites, which, however, have nothing to do with childish reveries. His earliest poetic efforts were imitations of Spenser and Shelley, and presently he was attracted by the dabblers in psychical research and esoteric Buddhism. Still he continued to hear voices and to exhibit interest, if not full faith, in spiritual manifestations. He saw mysterious lights in Sligo, which, it may be suspected, were phosphoric in their origin. A little later he was intimate with John O'Leary, John F. Taylor, and other Fenians, and in that association found a great source of inspiration for his maturer literary work. His reveries—constantly interrupted by description and anecdote of widely varying importance and significance —have the charm of a self-revelatory frankness and felicitous phrasing.

The Graphic Arts

THIS year, it seems, is to be noteworthy for recognition of progress in etching. "L'Eau-forte est à la mode," Beaudelaire's pronouncement of the year 1862, has a strangely familiar ring to-day. In every quarter there has been an awakening of interest in the graphic arts. Several societies have held special exhibitions of etchings and engravings. The New York Society of Etchers, which lately was revived after a quiescence of three years, organized an exhibition held at Montross's in November. An independent body, the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, was recently formed and is at present holding a show at the Brooklyn Museum. And the American Institute of Graphic Arts has announced a comprehensive exhibition of American etchings and engravings to be held at the National Arts Club some time in January. The Graphic Arts Section of the Panama Pacific Exhibition at San Francisco likewise achieved a conspicuous success. The public exhibition and sale of several important collections, such as those of Gen. Brayton Ives and of Frederick R. Halsey, have stimulated the zeal and enthusiasm of collectors.

Many of the artists themselves have become interested. Painters who have achieved success solely by their oils and water-colors have taken up new modes of expression in black and white. F. W. Benson has made a number of drypoints of ducks and sporting scenes. Childe Hassam has devoted much of his time to etching during the last two years and already has a hundred etchings to his credit. Arthur B. Davies recently showed some of his etchings in the most modern phase of his vision. George Bellows during the past year has made some twenty-five lithographs drawn with his usual vigor and sharp characterization. Charles H. Woodbury has etched many scenes on the coast of Maine; and Jerome Myers in soft ground etching, and Walt Kuhn in drypoint, have both made characteristic contributions. Naturally, the etchers themselves, those who have been in touch with the medium for many years, have also been spurred to renewed activity.

The most significant indication, however, of the increasing recognition of prints is the announcement of the foundation of a print collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. The policy of the directors had been consistently against such a department; they had refused the great S. P. Avery collection now housed in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42d Street. But the times have changed, and problems of maintenance, though always serious and important, are not without solution. The intention of the proposed print collection, first conceived by the head of one of the established art dealers here, is not to conflict in any way with the Avery collection; it is to afford to the graphic arts recognition and official sanction, as it were, by the largest museum in the land. All other fields of artistic expression, paintings, drawings, sculpture, the decorative arts, and even Japanese prints, are represented at the Museum. There is no reason why etchings and engravings should be left out. A careful selection of etchings and engravings would easily and harmoniously find its place in the general plan and round out the value of the other collections. A visitor after seeing the paintings of, for example, Rembrandt, Dürer, Van Dyck, or Whistler might then broaden and check up his estimate of their

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achievement by seeing their work in etching or engraving. But the emphasis would rather be on the æsthetic side of fine prints than upon considerations of historical interest and completeness. It would not aim to rival the Public Library in didactic purpose, nor in many cases could it if it would. Prominent collectors have already offered to donate prints for a founders' collection to serve as a nucleus for further accessions, and the whole project seems in a fair way to be approaching a smooth completion under the direction of the newly appointed curator.

It was old Frederick Keppel who first pointed out the intrinsic democracy of engraving, its popularity and accessibility, its intimate relation with books, as opposed to the unique isolation and aristocracy of painting. In view of the ever-increasing application of democratic ideals in education, statecraft, and social life, is this awakening of interest in the graphic arts a sign that engraving is coming into its own?

INFORMATION has reached us from time to time of the discovery of archæological relics such as coins, vases, coffins, and ornaments of all kinds, as well as pieces of sculpture, by the soldiers of the Allies around Salonica, and it is satisfactory to know that all such "finds" are gathered together and placed in safety in an improvised little museum. The latest discovery is especially interesting at a time when army contracting and the supplying of forces occupy so important a place. It is a marble tablet, about 36 inches by 24 inches, with an inscription in Greek as follows: "The City (honors) Manius Salarius Sabiorus, the gymnasiarch, and benefactor, who in times of scarcity often supplied grain at a price far below the current one; and at the passage of the troops of the Emperor supplied 600 measures of wheat, 100 measures of barley, 60 measures of beans, and 100 measures of wine at far below current prices; and gave 370 denaria for the repair of the gymnasium, and at the festivals gave contributions for the tables of the Senators and ex-Magistrates and the citizens who were entertained with them, and in the needs of the city proved himself a useful citizen. The work was carried out under the direction of Pereitas, the son of Philas, also called Biesios, and Herod, the son of Beithys." The Emperor referred to may possibly be Trajan.

THE Cleveland Museum of Art commemorates its recent opening by publishing an illustrated catalogue de luxe. This contains, besides views of the galleries and the catalogue lists, more than a hundred full-page plates of the rarer objects both owned by the Museum and lent. Notable among the loan exhibitions was a selection from the Freer collection of Far Eastern art, a collection of Colonial American objects, a considerable series of textiles and tapestries, and a portion of the Blair collection of Gothic sculptures and ornaments. As a nucleus for its own collections, the Museum has the Italian pictures, a remnant of the old Jarves collection, given by Mrs. L. E. Holden, and a collection of armor presented by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Severance. There is an instructive group of Hellenistic garden statuary, etc., from Boscoreale. In the department of Far Eastern archæology the Museum is building up a remarkable series through its own explorations and purchases. The opening loan exhibition of pictures naturally stressed American art, but there were some notable old masters, especially a portrait by Mabuse of a princess and an early Velasquez, Man with a Wine Glass, which are familiar to New York amateurs. The fine folio, with its abundance of cuts and neat cartridge boards, is a welcome adjunct both of study and of the browsing sort of pleasure. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies, of which many have been generously distributed to individuals or institutions.

Finance

The Past Year in Retrospect

WHEN clear-sighted financial observers looked back, a year ago, on this country's financial history in 1915, it was possible to discern three different periods, marked by three radically different conditions of the financial mind. The first, at the very beginning of the year, was one of doubt and uncertainty, not yet wholly relieved from the gloomy presentiment of the autumn of 1914. The second was the newborn hope of the mid-year months, when recovery in finance and trade was visible, but when even Wall Street persistently denied that an era of prosperity had arrived. The third was marked by the outburst of excited optimism at the very end of the year.

Three distinct periods and three financial moods accompanying them have characterized 1916 also; they are more striking than those of a year ago, because of the extreme contrast between the attitude of the markets in the successive periods. The year 1916 began with a sudden (and, to Wall Street, a very perplexing) lapse into nervous apprehension of early return of peace and a consequent economic reaction. By autumn this state of mind gave way to almost unbounded enthusiasm, in the course of which the belief became almost unanimous in financial circles, not only that the war would certainly outlast another year, but that our own economic situation had grown too powerful to be shaken even by actual return of peace. The third mood is a matter of very recent history.

The inference might be that since the year had both begun and ended in a spirit of gloomy doubt as to the economic future, the whole financial history of 1916 must be judged accordingly, and its show of material prosperity must be set down as a purely temporary and illusory episode. But a little closer examination of the attitude of the financial community will show that there are other aspects of the situation. It will be seen, in the first place, that the action of our financial markets in December was not quite so plainly and exclusively a forecast of peace conditions as might have been imagined. If one were to ignore the German peace proposals altogether, a retrospect of the course of events in the last half of the year would pretty well explain the December break on the Stock Exchange and in other markets.

Had we known beforehand what all the circumstances were, under which the inverted pyramid of speculation was built up in the early autumn, the violent year-end reaction would have been predicted unhesitatingly by all experienced financiers. The recklessness which prevailed when prices were pushed up at random, in the long series of million-share and two-million-share markets, was inspired primarily by the conviction that nothing could reduce the profits of industries stimulated by the war, and that nothing could

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prevent continued granting of ample credit by banks to speculative markets at easy rates.

But long before Berlin had asked for peace, both of these explanations had been shaken—the one by the open preparation of the Allies to curtail their American purchases of war material, the other by the rapidly falling bank surplus and 15 per cent. money. From this point of view alone, and in the light of all experience, the December break in prices would appear perfectly logical. The year ended, therefore, with the position of the markets something of a puzzle as to how far it reflected one set of influences, and how far another.

Perhaps the most curious consideration of all, in any such retrospect, is the contrast between the mood of January and that of December. The severe Stock Exchange reaction of January was accompanied by general expression of belief that, while peace would bring disastrous financial consequences to this country, continued war would insure unchecked prosperity. The decline of December occurred in the face of widespread prediction, first that the economic sequel to peace need not be disastrous to America, but that our own financial condition in a greatly protracted war had become a matter of uncertainty. "War booms" in all the long wars of the past two centuries—notably in our Civil War and in the Napoleonic c[illegible]—had to face violent readjustment before peace was [illegible]ght.

When the financial histor[illegible]s period comes to be written in the longer future, [illegible] probably be discussed, less as an example of abnor[illegible]me profits and prosperity than as an instance, [illegible]809 and 1864, of the extremely dislocating influence [illegible]on prices, wages, and cost of living. It will undou[illegible]e a matter of economic controversy to what extent the extravagantly high prices of commodities last year were a consequence of war demands pure and simple, to what extent of blockades, scarcity of ocean tonnage and high freight rates, and to what extent of the continuing inflation of Europe's currencies with paper and the immense expansion of ours with gold. If we can to-day judge the history of the past year only in the light of the history of 1915 and 1914, the economic student of the future will have to base his conclusions even more largely on what happens in the next two or three years.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Fitch, G. The Twenty-Four. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Frank, W. The Unwelcome Man. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Hillman. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beach, H. P. Renaissant Latin America. Missionary Education Movement.
Ferguson, J. deL. American Literature in Spain. Columbia Univ. Press.
Levings, G. M. Travel Sketches. [illegible]lger. $1 net.
Longman, W. Tokens of the Ei[illegible]n Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers [illegible]mans, Green. $2 net.
Peabody, R. S. Hospital Sketches. [illegible]oughton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Principles of Tantra. Part II. Edited by A. Avalon. London: Luzac & Co.
Sabin, E. L. The Boy Settler. Cro[illegible]ell. $1 net.
Speer, R. E. The Unity of the Americas. Missionary Education Movement.

RELIGION AND P[illegible]OSOPHY.

Coe, G. A. The Psychology of [illegible]. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

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Summary of the News

THE past week has seen an interchange of various notes on the question of peace, but it cannot be said that the general situation has been materially changed thereby. We noted briefly last week the publication of the unofficial text, cabled from Berlin, of the German reply to President Wilson's note. It did not differ, except in unimportant details, from the official text received later by the State Department. In its insistence on "an immediate meeting of delegates of the belligerent states," it seemed to evade the President's suggestion of a statement of terms by the belligerents, and in asserting the opinion of the German Government that the "great work of preventing future wars can be begun only after the end of the present struggle" it was taken as indicating the disinclination of Germany to afford those guarantees against future warfare on which the Allies, through their various spokesmen, have most insisted.

THE joint reply of the Entente Allies to the proposals of the Central Powers was received in dispatches from Paris of December 30 and was published in Sunday's papers. In a document of some length the Allies call in question the good faith of the German proposal (it is a "sham" and "would appear to be less an offer of peace than a war manœuvre") and declare that no peace is possible "so long as they have not secured reparation for violated rights and liberties, the recognition of the principle of nationality, and of the free existence of small states, so long as they have not brought about a settlement calculated to end once and for all forces which have constituted a perpetual menace to the nations, and to afford the only effective guarantee for the future security of the world." A considerable part of the note is devoted to a review of German responsibility for the war and of German methods in conducting it. The concluding paragraphs, as it were an appendix, consider the particular situation of Belgium. In the Allied countries the note appears to have been read with general approbation—a conspicuous exception being found in the comment of the *Manchester Guardian*. From Germany came first an expression of altruistic regret at its tone "for the sake of the neutral countries suffering from the consequences of the war!" Then followed vituperation.

REPLIES to the President's note have been received from the Scandinavian countries and from Spain. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark sent identical notes, the text of which was published on December 30, expressing "deepest sympathy" with the efforts of the President. The Spanish note, published in dispatches from Madrid of December 30, was more specific in character, expressing sympathy with the aims of the President, but declaring that Spain "will suspend all action until the time when her efforts and work in favor of peace can be more useful and efficacious than at the present time." The note also contained a suggestion for "an entente of neutral Powers for the defence of their interests." Some speculation was aroused by the reference in the Spanish note to "another communication" in addition to the President's peace note. It is explained in Washington, however, that this refers only to instructions given to envoys of the United States abroad to convey the idea that the time was opportune for neutrals to act. To make the record complete we mention the German reply to the Swiss note, the text of which was contained in dispatches from Berlin of December 28. As a footnote to what has gone before we may refer to the Kaiser's New Year order to his troops, in which he tells them: "You are victorious in all the theatres of war on land and sea."

STILL another note is that received in Washington on January 1, in which Turkey repudiates the guardianship of the great Powers and proclaims her "entry into the group of European Powers, with all the rights and prerogatives of an entirely independent Government." The Ottoman Government repudiates the Treaty of Paris of 1856 and the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, and announces that it has allied itself with Germany and Austria-Hungary "on a footing of entire equality."

ON the submarine question the Spanish Government has addressed a sharp protest to Berlin refusing to admit "the Central Powers' interpretation of international law whereby they destroy ships of nations which have always complained and protested against such interpretation." The note recalls the fact that Spain has always maintained that it was illegal to destroy prizes and to abandon the crews of sunken ships to the mercy of the sea.

ONLY in Rumania is there any fighting of importance to record. There the Teutonic offensive along the Moldavian frontier, begun several days ago, has been vigorously pressed against the Russians, who have gradually retreated towards the Sereth line. Sir Douglas Haig's interesting report on the battle of the Somme was published in the morning papers of December 30. Announcement was made on December 28 that the British forces had taken over an additional section of the western front.

THE sterner measures in regard to Greece promised by Mr. Lloyd George have apparently been taken. Dispatches from Athens of December 31 announced the presentation of a note, signed by the Ministers of France, Great Britain, and Russia, demanding stringent guarantees and reparations, in return for which the Allies undertake not to permit the forces of the National (*i. e.*, Venizelist) Government to pass the neutral zone established in agreement with the royal Government. The appointment of a British Diplomatic Agent accredited to the Provisional Government was announced in dispatches from London on Monday.

THE obscurity which enshrouded the precise position of Gen. Joffre in the war councils of France was removed by decrees of December 27, reviving in his favor the proud title of Marshal of France, but at the same time relegating him to retirement by revoking previous decrees which had appointed him technical adviser to the Government and commander-in-chief of the French forces. The conduct of the war is now in the hands of the War Committee, composed of Premier Briand; Gen. Lyautey, Minister of War; Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine; Albert Thomas, Minister of National Manufactures; Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance, and the President, M. Poincaré.

COMPLETE official returns on the Presidential election show President Wilson's plurality over Mr. Hughes to have been 568,822, the total vote having been 9,116,296, against 8,547,474. Mr. Wilson received 2,823,277 more votes than in 1912. Revised figures of the returns show that the next House will have no party majority, the Republicans lacking at least two votes and the Democrats three to give them control.

THE *status quo*, that dear ambition of Berlin, persists with apparent ease in Mexico. December 26 had been set as the time limit within which Carranza's reply, approving or rejecting the protocol drafted by the American-Mexican Commission, must arrive. It arrived instead on the following day and contained the First Chief's refusal to sign the protocol. The refusal, however, was couched in terms so amiable as to rob it of its sting, for it suggested, in effect, as we point out in our editorial columns, that the little matter of Pershing's staying or withdrawal should be ignored. The result is that opinion generally now seems to be turning to the view that since Carranza doesn't demand Pershing's recall there is no longer any reason for his staying.

THE British Imperial Council is to meet some time next month. In explaining to the various Prime Ministers of the Empire the purpose for which it is called the British Colonial Secretary stated that they were "invited to attend a series of special meetings of the War Cabinet in order to consider urgent questions affecting the prosecution of the war, possible conditions on which, in agreement with our allies, we could assent to its termination, and problems which would then immediately arise."

THE coronation of King Charles and Queen Zita of Austria-Hungary took place at Budapest on December 30 amid scenes of considerable splendor.

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